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Selections.

The Southern Press.

From the Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle and Sentinel.

WELL PUT.—THE COLOURED RACE AT THE NORTH.

Major NOAH of the N. Y. *Sunday Messenger* makes the following truthful remarks on a subject, which is more misrepresented and misunderstood at the North, than all others put together:

"A FRIEND IN NEED.—The coloured race in this country never wanted friends more than they do at the present time—not professing friends who calculate how much political capital can be made by being clamarous in their behalf, but true friends, who wish to see them comfortable, safe and happy. When has Africa been happy? Labouring under divine displeasure, a marked and differently created race from the white man, always at war with each other in their own country, sold as slaves by our *Northern* ancestors, and purchased by the South to till the land, the only comfort, protection, security and safety which they have ever enjoyed since they left the land of Cush, is in what is called their Slavery in the Southern States; and this comfort and safety they are about to be robbed of by a host of sympathising politicians, calling themselves Free Soil men and the friends of the coloured race.

Here, at the North, the poor blacks are not permitted to work alongside of the white man. We reduce them to the lowest grades of civilization by making them our servants, our waiters, and our dependants. Once they were permitted to follow the humble employment of carrying up bricks and mortar, but they were kicked from the ladder by our white fellow-citizens. They clean boots, scour clothes but are not permitted to sweep streets—they do not own or command a ship, they are only cooks and stewards—they are not merchants, bankers, or brokers—they hold no public appointments, and are rudely thrust from our cars and carriages—we do not eat with them or pray with them, and in our places of amusement there are pens and divisions in which they may sit by themselves. Is it any wonder that they are poor, vicious, and the inmates of our hospitals and prisons? And yet we, who persecute, neglect and repudiate the free black man here, are filled with holy zeal to make the slave free at the South, and deprive him of a home, of food and clothing, and of a kind considerate master; and we struggle for that freedom even at the expense of breaking down, dividing and destroying our glorious republic! Well may the blacks say: "Save us from our friends!—Save us from the pity and protection of the political Abolitionists!"

What is to become of the poor free blacks, when thrown upon the world without protection, deprived of their happy home in the slave States, and of kind and sympathising masters? The Governor of Virginia, in his last message to the Legislature, proposes to direct by law that the free blacks shall leave the State. True, they work but little, and idleness is the parent of crime—true, they corrupt the honest and industrious slave, are useless to themselves, and a burden and injury to the State. That freedom so essential to the whites is to them an unbearable burden. What, however, is to become of 100,000 poor, friendless, free blacks, driven from their own State to take refuge in the North, where we allow them so few privileges? Suppose all the slave States were to say to their free blacks—"My friends, we have given you employment and bread, but your abolition friends in the North are anxious that you should come forth from the iniquity that surrounds you—go to them, and see if they will do as much for you as we have done!" What is to become of more than half a million of freed blacks driven forth to seek the cold charities of the North? *They will starve!* We of the North will give them no succour, no employment, and yet we are even in favour of rending our glorious constitution to pieces in order to give them liberty!—When will the age of reason be revived? We cannot rebuke the slave States in ridding themselves of their free blacks, which are a dead weight upon them; and yet we dread the day when they shall be thrown upon the North for support and protection. Wherever we turn, we see nothing in the agitation of the slave question but ruin and distress to the coloured race.

A circumstance occurred here last week which has led to the foregoing reflections. Passing down Nassau street, three or four persons were standing inside of a store talking to a black man, and they invited us to come in. "Here is a black man," said one of the gentlemen "who wishes to sell himself as a slave for $150.

We entered the store, and saw a short stout fellow in rags, with a good countenance, and no indication of vice.

"Where do you belong?"

"To New York; I was born there."

"Don't you know that you can't sell yourself as a slave in this State?"

"What am I to do? I can get no work; I have had no breakfast; I am almost naked; no one cares for me, and I have no friend. Is it not better to have a good master whom I can work for, and who will care for me?"

Here was an illustration of the practical benevolence of domestic African Slavery, while it exhibited the rank hypocrisy of the Abolitionists. They could raise £2,000 to purchase the liberty of two mulatto girls, and yet allowed a poor black to offer to sell himself as a slave to save himself from starving in a free Northern State!"

It has ever been the misfortune of very poor and ignorant people in all christian and densely populated nations, to be the victims of untold privations and hardships. Somehow it always happens that the Benevolence of high civilization cannot see the pressing wants—the cruel hunger and nakedness at its own door; while it will labour day and night with untiring zeal, to remove the purely imaginary distress of persons in some far off country. Thus, English Humanity, which could tax itself £20,000,000, or one hundred millions of dollors, to emancipate the slaves in the West Indies, who were in comparatively a comfortable condition, experienced little uneasiness in permitting thousands of whites to die of starvation in Ireland.

Emancipate the three millions of slaves now in the Union, and distribute them equally in every State, to compete with the Anglo-Saxon race for employment and bread, and instead of a blessing, the act would be an infliction, from the blighting effects of which, both blacks and whites would suffer to an incalculable degree. Of course the inferior race would suffer in the conflict, far more than the stronger one. The withdrawal of all guardianship now extended over this class of servants, which is in truth so much needed, would operate like a general law declaring all children to be of age, and quite independent of parental care and government when twelve years old. Every intelligent person can appreciate the supreme folly of such precocious liberty. Why then, it may well be asked, cannot all intelligent men and woman at the North discover the necessity of humane and legal guardianship over the African race, imported into the planting States and sold by their own merchants and slave dealers? Undoubtedly this guardianship, or relation of master and slave, may be abused; but so may the relation of parent and child, husband and wife, employers and employed. There are very few of us who do not abuse some of the blessings of life, yet this abuse would hardly justify the destruction of all life on that account.

All abuses, whether of servants, children, hirelings or neighbours, should be corrected. But when this task of correction shall be undertaken in good earnest, there will be found as many and as serious wrongs in Northern as in Southern communities, which demand abatement. We have seen able-bodied men in Northern cities beg for employment at twenty-five cents a day, to command the means to purchase a little corn meal or a few potatoes, to keep a wife and small children from starving; and then often beg in vain. In Georgia every slave enjoys the legal right to transform his honest sweat into bread. In no State in the Union has a poor white man this right, provided no one sees fit to employ him and he owns no land. Take the case of the free man of colour seen by Mr. NOAH. If no one saw fit to purchase his labour and sell him bread or a shirt, how could he get either without stealing it? What is the labour of a white man worth in Ireland, New York or Georgia when he is in immediate want, and no human being will buy his labour or supply his wants?

To stimulate industrious habits, and cure the vices incident to improvidence and excess when poor free persons have employment, civilized communities regard it as wise to let all such understand distinctly, that they must lay up their surplus earnings, and provide in seasons of plenty for those of scarcity. To guaranty employment and food at all times and under all circumstances, as was strongly demanded by the poor in France, would be in effect to offer a bounty on general indulgence and improvidence, by saying to all that Government would never permit them to lack work, wages and bread. Three millions negroes would make a sorry showing in the way of providing against all contingencies of bad harvests, sickness, infancy and old age if left entirely at liberty to work or play as they might feel inclined.

The necessity for guardianship by persons better informed and more provident than slaves are, for their own good, is so apparent that a man with half an eye ought to see it. That the labour of this class of people is now generally employed to the best possible advantage, we are far from believing. It can be made vastly more productive than it now is, for the equal benefit of master and servant.

NORTHERN VIEWS OF SLAVERY.—We are happy to notice lately in the *N. Y. Courier & Enquirer*, and the *N. Y. Express*, indications that the more sensible portion of the Whigs of that section of the union are becoming aroused to the evil consequences, not only to the country, but to the integrity of the Whig party, of a further indulgence in the spirit of sectional fanaticism, which has recently ruled the hour in the legislatures and popular assemblies of the North. Both those papers have denounced the outrageous project now agitated in the Legislature of New York to nullify the 2d section of the 4th article of the constitution, in respect to the reclamation of fugitive slaves. Already have sectional prejudice and public opinion, rendered that part of the Constitution a virtual nullity, without superadding a statutory provision to prevent the owners of slaves from recapturing their property within the limits of the State. The *N. Y. Courier*, of the 6th, has an able article on the subject, from which we select a few paragraphs as a specimen of the spirit and train of reasoning of the whole:—*The* (Jackson Miss.) *Southern.*

THE SLAVERY QUESTION.—No fair man of any party, who calmly reflects upon the origin of our Union, the compromises upon which it was based, and the duties which grow out of these compromises—the importance of that Union to every section of the country, the prosperity it has secured to all, and its influence upon civil and religious liberty throughout the world;—no statesman who at heart appreciates the value of the Union and the blessings it imparts—its absolute necessity as almost the sole element of our individual happiness and national greatness—can look upon the reckless efforts of fanatics aiming at disunion, and the hasty and inconsiderate measures of heedless politicians, tending to the same result, without pain and mortification, even when they do not excite alarm—*We*, as we have repeatedly said, do not apprehend, that under any circumstances, actual disunion can possibly be accomplished, because in our judgment, the interests of the North and the South—the East and the West—are so inseparable and indivisible, that when actual danger threatens, the Union of these States will be preserved at every hazard, at every conceiveable sacrifice, and, if needs be, by an appeal to arms.

It cannot be concealed, that much of the agitation which now exists, grows out of disappointments arising from the defeat of the Loco-foco party in the recent Presidential contest; and that the hope of embarrassing the administration of General Taylor, has prompted unscrupulous politicians to lend themselves to the fostering of an agitation so fraught with danger to the harmony and the prosperity of the country. And yet to our shame as a party be it said, that *Whigs* in Washington, at Albany, and throughout the country, have considerately loaned themselves to the unscrupulous devices of their political opponents; and by their hasty and ill-advised acts, virtually, but unintentionally, aided to the fullest extent, their unscrupulous efforts to embarrass, if not to destroy the usefulness of an administration of their own choice.

In support of this position, we have but to point to the "Free Soil resolutions" as they are called, recently adopted by the Legislature of this State, and the manifestly *unconstitutional* bill now before one branch of the same body, *forbiding State officers to discharge the duties prescribed to them under existing laws*, passed in conformity with one of the plainest provisions of the Constitution of the United States.

We are no friend to Slavery; but with us the Constitution and the union of the States, are paramount considerations. We deem Slavery a *curse*; but it is a curse to those who are doomed to live in its midst, not to the people of the free States, who virtually reap all its fruits which are not noxious or demoralizing. But while we hold it to be a curse and an injury to the South, we deny, and shall ever continue to deny, while we believe the Bible to be GOD'S word, that it is "contrary to the law of GOD and man." On this subject it would be well if the mere fanatic, whose reason is always made subservient to his feelings, could be made to listen to the following language from the *New York Observer*, the leading organ of Presbyterianism on this continent. That able paper says in relation to Slavery:—

"1. Our Southern brethren are not responsible for "the "origin of the evil.
"2. It is not easy to get rid of the evil, suddenly.
"3. Our Southern brethren have done more to get rid of "the evil than could have been reasonably anticipated
"4. Christ and his apostles did not denounce or irritate "the slaveholder.
"5 The Bible method of dealing with Slavery and "slaveholders is the best method."

There is wisdom and truth in the above; and when honest and well meaning men at the North, who have been temporarily led astray, will reason in this manner—leaving to madmen and fanatics the work of agitating upon Slavery within the limits of the constitution; and when the reasonable men of the South, will respond to the good feelings which pervade the great mass of the people of the North—regardless of the scheming of disappointed politicians and the fanaticism of men who aim at a severance of this glorious Union; we may safely trust to the triumph of reason over passion, of wisdom over folly, and of virtue and patriotism over wickedness and disunion.

From the North Carolina (Hillsborough) Democrat

HUMBUG.

The last Greensborough Patriot, following in the footsteps of the *Richmond Whig* and other anti-Southern prints, has pounced upon South Carolina and Mr. Calhoun—the former as the hot-bed of rebellion and disorder, the latter as the prime mover of the agitation. That paper speaks of the meetings on the subject of Slavery, as if they were confined to the borders of South Carolina, and this important subject was unheeded save in the immediate vicinage of Mr. Calhoun's influence. Anybody with half an eye can see the motive for producing this impression. Our people, as is well known, associate South Carolina and Mr. Calhoun with *nullification*, which they have been taught to look upon as synonymous with *treason*. They have been indoctrinated into the belief, that whatever proceeds from our sister State is tainted with rebellion, and savours of dissolution. To identify any move therefore with South Carolina, is to render it *odious* in the eyes of our people—it is condemned immediately as *fanatical*, and the mark of disapprobation put upon it. This is the reason why these papers so ingeniously attempt to connect the Southern movement with South Carolina. *They hope thereby to make it unpopular in North Carolina.* They are guilty of base duplicity, in order to serve a contemptible partizan purpose, viz: to justify the Whig representatives of this State for not signing the Address put forth by the Southern members of Congress.

Will gentlemen go on thus blindly in their servile submission to Northern aggressions? Are they not satisfied with suppressing the *true* state of feeling at the North, and among the members of Congress from the Free States, but they must likewise keep their readers ignorant of that feeling of burning indignation, which is bursting forth in every portion of the Southern country? Will they conceal from the public eye the important fact, that the Southern movement is sweeping along with such resistless torrent, that even Whigs in the city of Memphis have thrown off the shackles of party, and have proclaimed with a loud voice their determination to stand by the South?

But the people will one day be undeceived. The voice from Virginia, Alabama, Mississippi, Texas, Florida, Georgia and Tennessee, will resound through North Carolina, and like the notes of the martial bugle will inspire them with a feeling of resistance. Let it not be thought that we desire a dissolution of this Union—for if there be one sincere wish of our heart, it is that this Union may last through all time—but let it be the *the* Union, handed down to us by the founders of the Republic. Let it be such as will guard our property, and protect the rights of the slaveholder; when it ceases to do this, we cease to desire its existence. The South has now invested in slave property the enormous amount of *a thousand million of dollars*;* when the North seeks through the means of this Union to impair and finally to destroy its value, then we say that every feeling of honour—of self-respect—of duty to ourselves and to future generations impel us to resist.

And this spirit is called *fanatical*, by a leading paper in a slaveholding country! But our readers perhaps may not be surprised at the expression of such opinions, when they remember that this same *Greensborough Patriot(?)* dissuaded his brave countrymen, who were rushing to the standard of their country from carrying out their noble intentions—that when the tide of battle was raging in Mexico, and North Carolina was told she was expected to do her duty, paralyzed the patriotism of her citizens, and with a craven spirit, told them to *calculate the consequenses.*

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*Mr. H. V. Johnson, Senator from Georgia, in a recent speech stated that the slave interest amounted to this sum.

From the Van Buren (Arkansas) Intelligencer.

THE NORTHERN METHODISTS.

In another column will be found a communication from the Rev. MARK ROBERTSON, in defence of the Northern General Conference of the Methodist Church. We are willing to hear what Mr. R. can say in his own defence, believing that the best way to correct error is to give it a fair combat. Our duty as a public journalist, requires us to give the alarm, when, from any quarter, our civil institutions are menaced with danger. We feel no direct hostility to this sect or its preachers, and nothing but the danger we apprehend from their appearance among us, induces us to notice them at all. A perusal of Mr. R.'s communication has not, in the least, changed our views upon the subject; but it rather impresses upon our mind the consequences likely to result from the teachings of such a zealous and blind advocate of the doctrine, that "Slavery is a great evil."

Mr. Robertson belongs to a sect who have been meddling with the subject of *Slavery* ever since 1780 and whose continual and increasing domineering spirit towards "slaveholders." alienated the Southern portion of the Church, and finally, in 1844, drove the Southern Churches from their General Conference.

It is well known that the subject of *Slavery* was the bone of contention in the Church, and which dissolved it. In the separation, Arkansas adhered to the Southern Conference. Respect for the interests, feelings, laws, and civil institutions, influenced the Methodists of our State to adopt this course. There is no difference in the doctrines, mode of worship, and discipline, between the two branches, except on the *question of Slavery;* and this difference was deemed so great, that a dividing line was drawn in the Church. Then, if the preachers of the Methodist Church South, teach the same doctrine and worship, what object can these Northern preachers have in coming amongst us, but to inculcate their notions about the *great evil of Slavery?* Such being almost the positive conclusion, can it be wondered at that we regard all such intermeddlers with this subject as *Abolitionists?* Mr. Robertson disclaims being an Abolitionist—probably he means not a practical one. He stands confessed, in his own communication, as an *Anti-Slavery* man, who regards "Slavery as a great evil;" and thinks that no one connected with it can be "blameless," and such an individual should not be allowed to preach and teach among us. Respect for this community, and for himself, should inspire him with a delicacy of feeling that would forbid him to attempt to foist himself upon us. He denies that he is an Abolitionist, but his preaching and teaching is the sowing of seeds that will bring forth a fruitful crop of all the evils of that hated and dangerous doctrine. If he teaches that *Slavery* is "a great evil," and is successful in his labours, how long will it be before *Anti-Slavery* sentiments and discussions will be rife among us? And what would be the influence of such a state of things on the negro population?

We repeat, that there is no difference in the religious doctrines of the two branches of the Methodist Church, and if any of our citizens desire to join the Methodist Church, they can attach themselves to that which has an organization in the South, in this State, having respect for our civil institutions, and eminently enjoying the confidence and esteem of our citizens. Those who prefer the Northern Conference, furnish strong evidence of their affinity to *Abolitionism*, and will certainly lose cast in this community.

Mr. Robertson says that "Northern Methodists" is a nick-name. We are not going to dispute over quibbles, at this time. If he is not ignorant of the history of his own Church, he knows that the Annual General Conference, in 1844, adopted a plan of separation; and in 1845, the Southern Churches, in Convention, ratified the plan, and organized a Southern Conference, in contradistinction from the *Northern* Conference. And it is further known, that this separation continues to the present day. It is also known that every *slaveholding* State and Territory, in the Union adhered to the Southern Conference. A portion of the Church of one State only, Missouri, remained with the Northern organization; and, we regret too, to say, that in our sister State are found considerable numbers of Free-soilers and Abolitionists, all of whom, no doubt, belong to Mr. Robertson's church. Although he denies that he is a "Northern Methodist," it is well known that he does not belong to the *Southern* Conference, and he conceals a part of the truth when he states that he belongs to the *Missouri* Conference, for it is well known that the one to which he belongs is under the "Northern Annual Conference."

Mr. Robertson boasts of his Southern birthright. Holding such sentiments as he expresses in his communication, on the subject of Slavery, we regard him as a *truant* son of the South.

As the Methodists of Arkansas withdrew from their connection with their brethren in the North, to preserve their civil institutions, we think that a sense of propriety should have prompted Mr. Robertson and his sect, to remain within the limits of their own Conference, where his sentiments on the subject of Slavery are more congenial to the people; and not persist in disseminating them here, where they are not appreciated, and where his labours do not meet with the respect he desires.

We advise Mr. Robertson to retire from among us, as we conceive his the most dangerous kind of Abolitionism; because, in connection with religion, he can insidiously pour the baneful doctrines into the very fountain springs of society, and fan the wildest hopes of the slave population. His intentions may be of the *best*, but his labours will have the *worst* effect.

Those citizens, knowing the history and opinions of "Northern Methodism," must have but little respect for themselves, or their fellow-citizens, who continue to give countenance to this sect.

Our space has compelled us to be brief at this time, but we intend at another, to show the injurious influence that this sect has already had, upon society in this country.

Mark Robertson's Letter.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN VAN BUREN, February 27, 1849.

MR. CLARKE—Having seen a piece (editorial) in your paper of the 17th instant, headed Northern Methodists, a title by which the ministers and members of the Methodist Episcopal Church South seem pleased to call us, the ministers and members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America, I feel myself called on respectfully to inform you, and if you please, your readers, that *Northern Methodists*, when applied to us, is a *nick-name*. And in fact we know of no such a church as the Methodtst Episcopal Church *North*, if you do, please inform us when and where her organization took place. The history of the world does not know such an organization. We see the device—the device of the leaders of the *New Church South*, who have raised the cry of Abolitionism against the Methodist Episcopal Church for political effect, to alarm the fears of the uniformed in and out of the church; while they themselves do not believe that there is the slightest truth in the imputation: all the real facts of the case being directly against it, for they know well that the Methodist Episcopal Church always fought against Abolitionism from its rise. In consequence of this opposition, the Abolitionists have quarelled with her outright; and many of our people, in the North and West, infected by their spirit, have seceded, and set up for themselves a new political or liberty church, after their own fancy, which they have misnamed "True Wesleyan;" stigmatizing and reproaching us with every evil name, and especially that we are a corrupt Pro-Slavery Church, because we admit shaveholders to our fellowship. While we are thus stigmatized in the North, is it not strange that we are held up by the new church South as *Abolitionists?* But we must notice your *opinion*, which is rather strange; you say—"the Northern Methodists broke the fraternal bonds with the same denomination in the South." Again, "by their dogmatical dictation to the Southern Methodists, in the case of Bishop Andrew, compelled a division in the church." Now, sir, the general conference neither broke the fraternal bonds with the South, nor compelled a division in the church. But to preserve consistency in their administration, they must change the discipline, or request the Bishop to resign; a majority preferred the latter. Our discipline, as well as that of the new church, speaks of Slavery as a "*great evil*," and very scripturally says a Bishop should be blameless, &c. Can a Bishop be blameless and voluntarily connect himself with a "great evil?" I am of the opinion, if there had been none more ambitious for the office than Bishop Andrew, the work of secession could not have been effected.

And now, sir, be assured, that the Methodist Episcopal Church has not changed her discipline, doctrine, or usage, in relation to the institution of Slavery; and the owners of slaves always hailed the Methodist preacher as a welcome visitor, till the seceders began the cry of *mad dog*. But there will be a reaction: light is breaking in, despite the cries of abolition, which must be used, not unlike the cant party-phrases in political strife, which is indispensable to keep up the party drill; as for instance, Whig, Tory, Federalist, Democrat, Locofocos, &c. and every body knows that party politics has no conscience, and consequently, no morals or moral code, except the seven principles of the five loaves and two fishes.

But we solemnly abjure them, in the name of all that is sacred and holy in the character of the Lord Jesus Christ, our Saviour, to leave religion and the Church of God, to the care of the one Lord and Lawgiver, who purchased it with his own blood. As for the Methdist Episcopal Church, her history is before the world, written in letters of light, which all may read and *understand*. For eighty years past her acts and doings have furnished no small part of the best materials of the religious history of our beloved country, and still she says with her founder, (Mr. Wesley), "My Parish is THE WORLD!" As for myself, I have a southern birthright, North Carolina being my native State, and as I have not forfeited my birthright, I hope to enjoy the blessing. I have also a Methodist birthright, having joined the Church three days before I was "born again;" sixteen years she has been my spiritual mother, and next to God, my father, I love the Church, my mother, and while she stands aloof from these political broils, I cannot find it in my heart to prove truant, nor be induced to follow this seceding faction. Having received my appointment of Bishop Manis, at the Missouri Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, I have come believing that I need no other letters of commendation; and as the church is where she was eighty years past upon the mooted question, and is so well calculated to spread scriptural holiness over these lands, may I not adopt the language of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, and say to friends and foes, "Receive us,—we have wronged no man; we have corrupted no man; we have defrauded no man," "but having renounced the hidden things of dishonesty, not walking in craftiness, nor handling the word of God deceitfully, but by manifestation of the Truth commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God." We have a very respectable class in Van Buren, and considerably over a hundred members among the planters.

Yours, respectfully,
MARK ROBERTSON.

From the New Orleans Daily Bee.

THE SOUTH VINDICATED BY THE NORTH.

We have always noted with peculiar pleasure the manly and fearless assertion of Southern rights by the New York *Courier & Enquirer*—a journal than which none is conducted with more ability, or enjoys a wider and more commanding influence. In its number of the 6th, the *Courier & Enquirer* has an elaborate article upon the Slavery question, written avowedly to rebuke the Senate of New York, for endeavouring to annul the solemn proviso of the Constitution of the United States, for the surrender and delivery of fugitive slaves. The sentiments of the editors are conservative, temperate and honourable in the highest degree. The *Courier & Enquirer* cites the 3d paragraph, section 2d, of the Constitution of the United States, to prove that the action of the New York Senate is in utter violation of the spirit and letter of that sacred instrument. The clause in the Constitution in reference to Slavery is as follows:

"3. No person held to service or labour in one State, "under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall in "consequence of any law or regulation therein, be dis-"charged from such service or labour; but shall be deliver-"ed up on claim of the party to whom such labour or service "may be due."

The *Courier & Enquirer* shows, beyond a doubt, the meanings and application of this clause, and proves that the States themselves, if they desire to obey the behests of the Constitution, must enact laws making it the duty of State officers to arrest, and of the State Courts to deliver up the fugitive slaves. And, adds that enlightened print, so obvious is this duty that Mr. WEBSTER, who is certainly not an advocate for Slavery, and whose authority upon a question of Constitutional law, admits of no question—has always held that the duty of the States in this regard, is as *imperative* as if it had been distinctly, and in words, defined in the Constitution. The *Courier* contends not only that the proceedings of the Senate are at variance with the spirit and requirement of our national character, but that they are unsanctioned by the great body of the people of the Empire State. We deny, says this paper, that any respectable portion of the people of this State, either desire or will approve of the passage of any law, conflicting, as this assuredly does, with the *Constitutional* rights of the South. We freely admit that the people of this State are opposed to Slavery, and to its extension beyond the limits proscribed to it by the Constitution; but within these limits they hold it to be sacred, and not one in a hundred of them will hesitate to denounce as traitors to the Union the man who seeks to violate the vested rights of the South in their slave property as guaranteed by the Constitution itself.

Passing from the proposed enactment to the Slavery question at large, and adverting to the virulent opposition to the South evinced by fanatics and political demagogues, the journal from which we have quoted, terminates with the following just, patriotic and seasonable reflections:

We entreat, therefore, of the honest and patriotic men of all parties and of all sections of the country, and we *demand* of the Whigs in our Legislature and at Washington, to unite in refusing to listen to the voice of the fanatics, hail from whence they may; and by so doing, leave the whole question of Slavery extension and all its collateral issues, to the wisdom of those who have been brought into power, in the well grounded conviction by the majority of the people, that they are peculiarly fitted to settle wisely and forever, this vexed question.

We are no friend to Slavery, &c.....[The same extract will be found in the article copied from the Jackson *Southron*, in another column.]

This is the language of a Whig press, situated in the very focus and hot-bed of sectional fanticism. All honour to the integrity and independence of the journalist, who does not hesitate to proclaim the truth, however unpopular and unpalatable it may be to his readers! Such a spectacle is rare now-a-days, and therefore the more worthy of our respect and our admiration.

THE SOUTHERN ADDRESS AT THE SOUTH.

The following extract is from the *Journal of Commerce*, one of the leading journals in New York.—Our reflections on reading such articles are anything but pleasant when we see Southern papers denounce the address as *ultra*, and its author and those who sustain him as "*Disunionists.*" The want of union in the South is in a great measure attributable to the mischievous influence which some party papers exercise over the people; not only by opposing those measures best calculated to insure us justice but by withholding facts and perverting truth for the sake of party success. How long will the Southern people sustain those presses that defend these politicians who counsel submission? We cannot but hope that "better times are coming," and that the vast majority of the people of the South will shortly speak out in unqualified condemnation of these truckling political hucksters.—(Columbia) *South Carolinian.*

"We ask the attention of our readers to 'the address of the southern delegates in Congress to their constituents,' which we this day publish. It is rumoured to have been drawn up by Mr. Calhoun.—From what had been said of it in advance, we were prepared to find it over heated, if not deliberately offensive to the North. But we do not. On the contrary, it is a calm, clear exposition of the grievances of which the South complain, and we are compelled to say with too much reason. It offers no threats, but simply calls upon the South to consider what ought to be done. It proposes nothing but united action on the part of the South, without indicating what that action ought to be. We trust this address will be extensively published and read at the North, and that candid men who have been led away by the abolition excitement, will pause and reflect. It is not yet too late to save the country from ruin, but it soon may be. Now is the time to determine whether we will sacrifice the Union or preserve and defend it."

From the Memphis Tri-Weekly Appeal.

THE SLAVERY QUESTION—THE WHIG PARTY—W. H. SEWARD—THE DUTY OF THE SOUTH.

Having shown, in a previous number, that whilst a portion of the northern democracy are with the South on the Slavery question as recognized by constitutional compromises and guaranties, northern Whigs, almost to a man, are opposed to the South and the Constitution upon this question, and are seeking by every means in their power, through the press, on the floor of Congress, and through State Legislatures to oppress the one and violate the other—we shall now proceed to an investigation of the last branch of the subject, *the duty of the South.* This is two-fold: Her first duty is to seek by every means in her power to preserve the Union; her second to protect herself, and her domestic institutions. In view of the aggressions which have been made, and are now making by northern fanaticism and cupidity upon these institutions at the sacrifice of constitutional guaranties, the South has invariably occupied a *defensive* position. She takes the Constitution as it is—stands upon the equitable basis of its guaranties and compromises, and asks nothing of the North but to let it alone. Has this reasonable request been complied with? Far from it. The North, not satisfied with abolishing Slavery in certain of its own States; not satisfied with procuring the passage of laws declaring the foreign Slave Trade to be piracy (in neither of which was she opposed, or thwarted by the South) is now, and has been for years, engaged in efforts to abolish Slavery in the South also, or to harrass and oppress southern slaveholders as to make this species of property of little value: the tendency of all which has been to weaken the bonds of union, and to produce dismemberment of the federal government.

We will recapitulate a few facts in proof of the insults and aggressions referred to. A resolution has been introduced at the present session of Congress to allow every person in the district of Columbia—black and white—bond and free—to vote in elections; and another giving to Congress the right to legislate upon the subject of Slavery in the District. Efforts are also making to procure the passage of laws by Congress excluding slaves from the newly acquired territory—in violation of the Constitution, and the Missouri compromise. But this is not all, the Legislature of New York has recently adopted resolutions refusing the surrender of fugitive slaves to their owners. But hear Mr. Charles Brown, Democratic member from Philadelphia, in this connection; he is a northern man, and his testimony must be received. In a recent speech in the House, he says:

Why, we have, in my estimation, violated the Constitution of the United States; or, if we have not violated its strict letter, we have violated every principle of fraternal feeling, and of the spirit of that instrument, in passing laws that interfere with the right of the southern people to reclaim their fugitive slaves when they come into the Northern States. The Constitution says that they shall be given up, and I hold it here to be the duty of every Northern State, through all its functionaries of government, to exercise all its powers to deliver up every fugitive slave that should be found harboured within its borders; it is the word of the Constitution. Is not this irritating us? Is it not calculated to divide us, when we see the provisions of the Constitution set aside and the bond of brotherly love disregarded; all for the purpose of robbing the people of the South of that which the law and the Constitution guarantees to them.

Thus, according to this northern witness the Constitution has been violated by the North, and the South *robbed*, wronged and insulted. He next speaks of incendiary publications scattered by northern fanatics through Southern States, and of the efforts made to abduct slaves from their owners—all of which has been borne by the South. And next of the liberal and conciliatory spirit manifested by the slave States of the South as follows:

When we formed our Union, or about that time, we owned the Northwest Territory, all of which belonged to Virginia. Her right to it may have been doubted, but we conceded it when we took the gift from her. What did she do? With all her slaves, she said take it. You may prohibit Slavery there. Instead of encroaching upon us, Virginia, a Southern State, made us the donation of this magnificent domain to the free labourers of the North. This is one instance.

Next, we acquired Louisiana. Gentlemen now say, we only ask that there shall be no Slavery in New Mexico and California, because those territories are now free, and it would be encroachments on the rights of the Northern man to let the slaveholder go there; but if it was slave territory it would be another thing; we would not ask you to abolish Slavery there. But when we got Louisiana, and when Missouri presented herself here for admission into the Union, how was the question? My friend from Indiana eulogised the men who fixed the line of 36 deg. 30 min. as patriots deserving the lasting honour of the country; but then, my friend did not vote the other day for 36 deg. 30 min.; he did not follow in the footsteps of those men whom he eulogized—he voted against it. What then? The South did not encroach upon our rights in taking Missouri and Arkansas; but we encroached upon their rights; we took from them; it was slave territory, and we made one half of it free.

Then came Texas; and I was for Texas. I made the first speech for Texas in the State of Pennsylvania. I did all I could to waken up enthusiasm, for I love the Lone Star; and I take occasion to say that there is not in the record of history, our own included, anything that exhibits the idea of so noble, so patriotic, so great a revolution, and so complete. They were true American scions, and they deserved to belong to the American family. But what then? Texas was all slave territory, but did we say as we say now of California and New Mexico? We do not ask to change her institutions? All we want is to have them continue as they now are. Did we not take from the South one half of Texas? Did the South encroach on us then? Why, it looks very much to me as if we had been encroaching upon the South, and not the South upon us. I appeal to the House and the country if this is not true. And now, after having taken one-half of Louisiana and Texas, having grown more bold, we propose to take all of California and New Mexico.

Much has been said about *Southern* Nullification, South Carolinia and Virginia "abstractions," and northern clap-trap of a kindred character; nay, many fears have been expressed of apprehension that the South will dissolve the Union. We trust we have exhibited ample proof not only that this *affected* apprehension is utterly groundless, but that the North has long since been preparing the way, and is even now upon the point of consummating measures well calculated to produce this result. The people of the South have ever stood by the Constitution; they will stand by it still. That they love the Union is proved by the number and magnitude of the sacrifices they have made to preserve it. But still another sacrifice is demanded of them; one not only completely subversive of their rights, destructive to their interests, but violatory of the compact of Union existing between themselves and fellow-countrymen of every other portion of the United States. Can they—ought they to submit to it? Their duty to their country and its sacred Constitution answers no. Their duty to themselves and their posterity emphatically answers *no*—a thousand times, *no!*

But what course shall they adopt—how resist the threatened violence and wrong? In the first place they must be united among themselves; every selfish, every party consideration should be regarded as utterly insignificant when compared with one involving national existence, as well as vital sectional interests. With some knowledge of the influence of the "almighty Dollar" upon our brethren of the North, and with a perfect distrust of the *philanthropy* by which they profess to be actuated in their incendiary and fanatical crusade against the South, we have heretofore suggested, that as far as possible, all commercial relations existing between the two sections be discontinued. Let even small portions of the slave States unite in this, and the dictatorial tone of the North will be lowered; and her infamous demands soon cease to exist. The North cannot do without the trade of the producing slave States'; whilst they can very easily dispense with the trade of the North. Until the Charleston Rail Road is complete let all the merchants of Tennessee, Alabama, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida and Texas receive their merchandise through the ports of New Orleans, Mobile and Pensacola. To these ports are sent the most of their products, and we see no reason why they should not receive their equivalents through the same channels—indeed, they are the *natural* and obvious channels for this trade. Let the great staple, Cotton, be shiped direct to Eupe, and let return cargoes of merchandise be imported direct from the same points to these ports. Let our merchants look to these southern ports, instead of New York and Philadelphia for their supplies.

But we may here be met with the objection that many, perhaps the most of our merchants are indebted to northern importers, and hence, to some extent, in their power; that they must continue their business relations with them—sacrifice—perhaps ruin. In answer to this, we will suppose a case: We have all seen more or less of our Legislatures passing stay laws, and property valuation laws, extending the time of payment with the view of relieving the debtor class in times of pecuniary pressure and embarrassment. Suppose, as a means of accomplishing a still higher object—that of the preservation of the Union—they were to enact laws extending the period of payment upon all debts owing by our merchants to the North, until such time as by the change of commercial intercourse proposed our merchants could be able to meet them. Could New York, for example—to whose merchants and importers at least three-fourths of this inhebtedness is due—complain of such a course? We have seen that her legislature has adopted resolutions refusing to surrender our fugitive slaves; and thereby not only violated the Constitution, but *robbed* us of a portion of our property, upon the labour and value of which we rely as a means of paying our indebtedness to her. The act of the New York Legislature *politically* affects more than twenty millions of human beings, as it violates the compact binding them together as a great nation; at the same time it affects the *pecuniary* interests of every inhabitant of the slave States. The acts of our legislatures would only *pecuniarily* affect less than a million, and these only temporarily. In adopting the resolutions referred to, New York has afforded the example of her great name, immense population and vast influence to other Northern and Eastern States to do likewise—an example which they will not be slow to follow. She manifests a determination to outrage, oppress and crush us, to deprive us of our property, or depreciate its value, and still insists upon the payment of her bond—the rendition of "the pound of flesh"—still insists that we continue to feed and fatten her with our trade, and lick the hand that smites us! Again we ask, *could* New York—*dare* New York, under all the circumstances of aggravated wrong, insult and oppression, complain of the course suggested?

From the S. C. Telegraph.

DUTY OF THE FREE STATES.

It is passing strange that while some Southern presses profess their inability to discover the grievances and wrongs of which the South so justly complains, that they should be clearly pointed out in Northern prints. Major NOAH's admirable article which we published some time since, exhibited one phase of the matter—the subjoined article from the *Philadelphia Bulletin* as strongly exemplifies another.—That a few isolated individuals at the North should feel with us in this matter, affords no more ground of confidence however, than the converse of the proposition should our opponents, for there are NORTHERN SYMPATHISERS at the South, some of them conducting Southern presses.

We have received the following communication on the subject of fugitive slaves:

Messrs. Editors: I have just finished the perusal of your editorial in this afternoon's *Bulletin;* and to say that I am surprised at the doctrines you advance, would but faintly express my feelings on the subject. Unless I wholly misunderstand the meaning of language, you are cert

It is not for us now to inquire into the right or wrong of Slavery—unless we are ready to adopt the fearful alternative of the misguided zealots to whom I have alluded, and join their mad attempt to bring about a dissolution of the Union!—unless we are ready to say the compact which our fathers made was unwise and improper, and shall be abandoned! Are we ready for that? Are we ready to see this beautiful fabric—this fairest work of man—protecting his interests and his rights infinitely better than any scheme that has ever yet been devised—are we ready, I ask, and I tremble as I ask it, to seek this great work demolished and its fragments scattered, that we may become not only the derision of Europe, but the sport of her diplomacy? And all to gratify the pretended benevolence of a few restless spirits, who, unmindful of their own affairs, are never quiet unless meddling in those of their neighbours?

I need not repeat that I am not the advocate of Slavery, but while we are forever prating about the rights of the North we should not forget that the South has rights too, and one of them is the surrender of fugitive slaves, by our solemn agreement—to which I hold that every non-slaveholding State is solemnly bound by every principle of good faith—And unless we are ready to break the bonds that bind our happy Union together, and now make us, and should forever keep us, one people, we ought to observe our part of the compact, not only in its letter but in its spirit.

I have written more than I intended—much more might be written, but I forbear.

A CONSTANT READER.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

NEW-YORK: THURSDAY APRIL 26, 1849.

FIFTEENH ANNUAL MEETING.

OF THE

AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY.

The FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held in the TABERNACLE, BROADWAY, NEW YORK, on TUESDAY the 8th day of MAY next.

The Annual Meeting of the American Society is the most important Anti-Slavery Meeting held anywhere during the year.

The ANNIVERSARY at the TABERNACLE represents to the country at large the progress, the efficiency, and even the existence, of the Anti-Slavery cause. It is to vast numbers of people the only sign of the continued zeal and spirit of the Abolitionists, of whose local meetings they never hear.

The BUSINESS MEETINGS of the Society have always brought together in counsel a larger number of Abolitionists from various parts of the Northern States than is ever convened on any other occasion. The general interests of the cause command, at that time, a consideration which at no other can be given them.

It has never, since the formation of the society, been more apparent than at this moment, that the Anti-Slavery cause is left where it ever has been, in the hands of the members of the American Society. There is as yet no reason to suppose that Slavery will ever be abolished except through its efforts.

The general importance of the Annual Meeting, and the aspect of the cause at this moment, which gives us every thing to hope for if we persevere,—everything to fear if we falter—appeal alike loudly to Abolitionists, all over the land, to make the ensuing ANNUAL MEETING of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY one that shall do more even than any previous one has done to drive the South to despair in defence of its felonious system of society, and the North to a more determined attitude than any portion of it has ever yet ventured to assume in defence of its own rights, and the assertion of the rights of the slave.

THE BUSINESS MEETINGS of the Society, commencing at 3 o'clock, P. M. and continuing the two following days, will be held at the MINERVA ROOMS, 406 BROADWAY.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Prest.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, } Secy's.
S. H. GAY, }

Anti Slavery Criticism upon Mr. Clay's Letter.

It has not surprised us that Abolitionists should be found fault with for not being entirely satisfied with Mr. Clay's plan for emancipation in Kentucky. It is generally expected of them that they should be

"Contented wi' little,
An' canty wi' mair."

Nay, they are looked upon as peculiarly ungrateful and *impracticable* (that is the favourite term) if they do not devote their entire energies to soliciting nothing, and express a thankfulness amounting almost to rapture when they get it. For eighteen years they have received their regular allowance of it, have thriven and grown upon it, and their demand for an extra spoonful or two is received with as much amazement as Oliver Twist's petition for more.

That the Anti-Slavery criticism of Mr. Clay's letter should be blamed for severity was to be expected, but we confess that the quarter from which some of the reproof has emanated has excited our amazement. Abolitionists cried out against the scheme of the Kentucky statesman as cold-blooded, and as leaving out of sight altogether the rights and wants of the chief party to the act of emancipation. But the *Tribune* defends Mr. Clay on the ground that moderation is the best policy, and that he is better able to judge how large a dose of freedom the Kentucky stomach is at present able to bear. The patient is on the verge of *delirium tremens*, and the *Tribune* would not recommend total abstinence but would think it wiser for him to mix enough spirits with his water just to kill the insects.

We take no one to task for inconsistency simply as such. It depends entirely on the direction which the inconsistency takes, whether it be glorious or shameful.—It is certainly no disgrace to a soldier to be able to run swiftly. It is even a desirable accomplishment. Swift-footed is Homer's favourite ephithet for Achilles. Yet in a battle (such are the prejudices of education) our opinion of the soldier's merit is entirely determined by the consideration whether he exercised his pedal gift toward the enemy's lines or away from them. So, when an inconsistency takes a backward direction, we are inclined to look upon it with suspicion. Mr. Greeley's enemies have been in the habit of charging him with being under the exclusive domination of the sign Capricorn, being thereby impelled to butt violently against whatever is constituted and established. Nevertheless, in the matter of Slavery we think we find indications of the influence of Cancer, the inspirer of retrogression. If he be about to butt also against the Peculiar Institution, he runs backward so far to get a start, that we wellnigh lose sight of him altogether. We speak of Mr. Greeley by name because he is identified (and honourably so) with the Tribune and has given to that paper its peculiar character. We intend no violation of editorial decorums, nor shall we forget the efficient service Mr. Greeley has rendered to the cause of Progress, because we find his judgment in some respects so entirely perverted. The Whig seems, now and then, to slip down over his eyes.

Before alluding to matters of wider bearing, we wish to say a few words upon a point of more exclusively individual interest. On several former occasions, as well as in connection with Mr. Clay's letter, Mr. Greeley has taken the opportunity to indulge in contemptuous expressions toward Garrison and those who are nicknamed Garrisonians. That truly illustrious name needs no defence and no eulogium of ours. It may be safely transmitted to the guardianship of the Future. But that Mr. Greeley should charge Garrison with fanaticism as a fault, has, we confess, been a matter of wonder to us.—Why, God sent him into the world with that special mission and none other. It is his peculiar glory that he has fulfilled it so entirely. It is that which will make his name a part of our American history. We would not have all men fanatics, but let us be devoutly thankful for as many of that kind as we can get. They are by no means too common as yet. Let us remember Dr. Johnson's excellent advice, above all things to endeavour to clear our minds of *cant*. And there is no cant more foolish, or more common than theirs, who under the mask of discretion, moderation, statesmanship, and what not, would fain convict of fanaticism all that transcends their own limits, and then abolish it as dangerous to the body politic. From the zoöphyte upward, everything is *ultra* to something else. And oddly enough Mr. Greeley owes his success to the fact that this element of *ultraism* slightly preponderates in his composition. Undoubtedly the zoöphyte taxes the barnacle with a rash activity, and considers the framework of society endangered by the unsettled notions of the periwinkle. The friends of every class of Reform in America owe a debt to Garrison, and in such matters there should be no repudiation. Especially let not the butt-end of the wedge sneer at the *ultraism* of the entering part.

How does it happen that only Abolitionists are charged with wanting moderation, and that Slaveholding is the one sin that is to be treated with tenderness? Is there, then, a scale of meritoriousness in crimes? Mr. Greeley subscribed five hundred dollars to assist insurrection in Ireland. We freely admit that, if ever rebellion were justifiable, it was so in that case. And why? Because no plan of relief was sufficiently radical, and because all of them looked to the interests of the great landholders rather than of the great body of the people who were chiefly concerned. But let us apply here Mr. Greeley's reasoning in regard to Kentucky. Surely Lord Clarendon and the great landholders, who were on the spot, could judge better than anybody else what measures were most judicious and most likely to have a salutary effect. If what the law makes property be property in Kentucky, why is it not so in New York, and how will Mr. Greeley defend his anti-rent doctrines? But perhaps a man's property in the bodies and souls of his fellow-citizens is more sacred and indefeasible than his title to the soil.

We did not think that rebellion was the best medicine for Ireland, nor should we recommend a servile war as a cure for Kentucky. The cold-blood cure is not to our fancy. But it seems to us that Mr. Greeley was more nearly right in his Irish than in his Kentucky prescription. In that case, at least, he followed the diagnosis of his heart. We humbly conceive that, when justice is to be done, some portion of consideration and even of redress is due to the injured party. The very same arguments are brought against the Irishman and the African. He is improvident, he is lazy, he cannot take care of himself, he is creation's natural loafer. In short, there is a wonderful sameness in the arguments of oppression all the world over.

It is said that the Abolitionists, while they are dissatisfied with the plans of everybody else, offer no plan of their own. This is not to be complained of in them, for it is the necessity of their position. They are critics and not constructives, it is true, but they are fulfilling their appointed destiny. Criticism must precede construction. But, if ever there was a case where criticism is the one thing needful, it is in regard to American Slavery. Here is a case where the primary laws of Nature are violated. All that is necessary is that this violation should cease, and that Nature, always organizing, always constructive, should be left free to work a cure. A limb of the body politic has fallen asleep. Remove the unnatural pressure and the blood will circulate freely again. The Abolitionist unquestionably is a bore. So was the old Roman with his *delenda est Carthago*, his old-fashioned protective tariff. But he carried his point, and so will the Abolitionist. It is true that the Abolitionist plan does not please the slaveholder. Neither does the Associative plan carry instant conviction to the minds of the civilizees. But that is no argument against either of them.

We ask again what claim the slaveholder has to peculiar tenderness of treatment? Is the holding of slaves more innocent than the holding of Locs-foco opinions? Mr. Greeley can find it in his heart to denounce *that* offence. Will denunciation convince the one and only exasperate the other? We agree with Mr. Greeley that society needs a radical reörganization. Perhaps he thinks that Slavery is one of those natural conditions in the progress of society which natural progress will remove without intervention of ours. If society *must* go through all these natural stages before it reaches that point of disorganization where reörganization will be for the first time possible, why oppose the introduction of Slavery into the new territory? It cannot there survive its dissolution in the older States. The plan of the Abolitionist, if it do not look to natural laws for the extinction of the evil, is willing to trust to them for the safety of society whenever its extinction can be brought about. All it asks is that these natural laws shall be disentangled from the snarl of an odious and fatal discord.

But, while Mr. Greeley seems to deny, at least by implication, that the occasion for Anti-Slavery action has yet arrived, he also impliedly admits that the golden moment of opportunity is nunbered somewhere upon the dial of time. In noticing some Virginian comments upon the letter of the *Tribune's* Fairfax correspondent, Mr. Greeley says that "he (the correspondent) is not disposed to act against Slavery till the proper time comes." We quote from memory, but with enough exactness, we believe, to be guilty of no misrepresentation. Now, who is to set the alarm of the clock at the fitting hour? Mr. Greeley was willing to take the word of Paddy as to Ireland, will he consult Pomp as to Virginia? Or must we leave it to Pomp's master? Those who profit by any abuse are not apt to be in any particular hurry about reform. Let us remember that stanza of good Dr. Watts which we learned when we were children:

"'Tis the voice of the sluggard,
I hear him complain,
You have called me too soon,
Let me slumber again."

We rather think that this would be the answer Mr. Greeley would receive from the slaveholder when, satisfied that the "proper time had come," he comes forward to shake him by the shoulder and arouse him to the exigencies of the occasion. The sauce to which the Garrison has been treated would be liberally dispensed to the Greeley also, or there is not so much human nature in man as is generally suspected. But then Mr. Greeley would doubtless have a *plan*. This unquestionably would be a philosophical mode of proceeding, but how are we to be sure that it will suit the slaveholder? We are tolerably confident that it would not. The slaveholder, whe Mr. Greeley would politely request him to state what method would be most consonant to his feelings would answer, as did the "impracticable" boy whose mother asked him what he would like for breakfast, "*Jest wut ye ain't got!*"

Mr. Greeley does stop to enquire whether "the proper time has come" to lament prostitution or to rebuke bitterly the causes of it. He can denounce land-monopoly and wages-Slavery. Yet all these, as well as African Slavery, would naturally cease to exist, were society reorganized upon a scientific basis. The time to cry out against any popular sin has come whenever God has sent a message to that effect to any ardent and fearless soul. It is only Jonah who turns back, and it is he also who gets thrown overboard for his pains. If Mr. Greeley cannot unite the Whig and the Reformer in his own person, it does not necessarily follow that Abolitionism is the *impracticable* element which prevents fusion. The Reformers must expect comparative isolation, and he must be strong enough to bear it. He cannot look for the sympathy and coöperation of popular majorities. Yet these are the tools of the politician. A man can be a politician, and at the same time a Reformer, *to a certain extent*. He cannot be wholly both, but he has his choice which he will cleave to, and which he will cast from him. It is for him to judge whether of the two be the most valuable.

All true Reformers are incendiaries. But it is the hearts, brains, and souls of their fellow men which they set on fire, and in so doing they perform the function appropriated to them in the wise order of Providence.

J. R. L.

A few weeks ago, a slave in a Southern city managed to open a correspondence with a gentleman in a Northern city, with a view of effecting an escape from bondage. Having arranged the preliminaries, he paid somebody $40 to box him up, and mark him 'This side up with care,' and take him to the express office, consigned to his friend at the North. On the passage, being on board of a steamboat, he was accidentally turned head downwards, and almost died with the rush of blood to the head. At the next change of transportation, however, he was turned right side up again, and after twenty six hours' confinement, arrived safely at his destination. On receiving the box, the gentleman had his doubts whether he should find a corpse or a free man. He tapped lightly on the box, with the question 'All right?' and was delighted to hear the response, 'All right sir.' The poor fellow was immediately liberated from his place of living burial, and forwarded to a wealthy Abolitionist in a city in New England, where he now is. When did Spartan intrepidity show greater firmness and fortitude under bodily suffering, than did this poor slave when animated by the inspiring hope of Freedom? We are glad to have assurance that this story is no flight of fancy, but is absolutely true. The fugitive, upon whose track the two-legged blood-hounds are coursing, will never go back to Slavery, if the whole South should come after him.

The *Tribune* copies the above remarkable story from the *Burlington* (VT.) *Courier*, and has been taken to task by some tender-hearted Christian, who signs himself 'Conscience,' for showing its approval of such conveying of Southern merchandise, by the fact of the republication. The editor of the *Tribune* denies that the mere act of copying is any proof of approval, but acknowledges that should a box of man come addressed to him, he should presume the ownership thereof and the right of disposal lay in itself, till somebody else could show something better than a self-evident title. We are reminded by this of a question put to us not long since by a New York lawyer, who heard of our having been instrumental lately in forwarding a head of this Southern live stock which took itself off without leaving its address: "How can you," he asked, "justify yo urself for such an infringement of the laws of your country!"

"'Tis conscience makes cowards of us all," says Shakespeare, but he would have said no such thing had he been an American of the nineteenth century. The only brave thing about us is our conscience, and it is remarkable what brave things that will do, entirely un-conscious, we are bound to believe, that a baby-eating South Sea islander would choke in the attempt to swallow the sweet morsels which our countryman roll under their tongue with as much satisfaction as they do their fine-cut Virginian, and gulp without even so much as a wry face at the monstrous load which they dare impose upon the digestion of what they call their conscience. "Trust!—Trust we have a good conscience!" Neither Mr. Shandy, nor Dr. Slop, had they lived in the United States, would have been at a loss to understand whether the preacher, whose sermon Trim found in uncle Toby's copy of Stevinus, meant to abuse the apostle. For whatever doubt Paul might entertain upon such a point, there are none among us who question that we have an almost universally tender conscience, and who, if they did not actually abuse the apostle for taking such a matter only upon trust, would only pardon him the doubt because he lived in Judea eighteen hundred years ago, and not in our enlightend age and region.

That this tender conscience does not belong to New York exclusively, but is as wide as the Union, we have a case in point, which we find in a late number of a New Orleans paper, and which is as remarkable an instance of our national morality as that exhibited by Mr. Greeley's correspondent, or our own catechiser. It is as follows:

A Conscientious Man.

"It is refreshing now and then to hear of the reforming effects of conscience on men's conduct. We never hear of a case of money anonymously returned, or property restored, but that we feel better for it, and entertain a higher opinion of mankind. It is not often, however, that we can record a case of conscience so natural, and we suspect, frequent, as the following, the humble subjects of such scruples modestly preferring to keep their good deeds from the public gaze: By the Constitution of Mississippi, in days past, it was forbiddan to bring slaves into the State for sale; but like most other constitutional provisons this was construed, as our Supreme Court has declared that all Constitutions should be, 'according to the wants, interests, and convenience of the people for whom they are formed,' that is, it was generally disregarded. A slave trader named Jones, from Virginia, brought into Mississippi, for sale, some forty likely slaves, and cotton being fifteen cents a pound, he found for them a ready market; in fact, they were all purchased by one gentleman, who delighted in the name of Brown. By the terms of the sale, Brown paid one-fourth cash, and was to pay the balance in instalments of one-fourth yearly. Shortly after the purchase, Mr. Brown was elected a justice of the peace, and discharged the duties of the station with commendable intelligence and uprightness. The year passed off, and Jones drew a draft on his vendee for the instalment due, which was returned protested. He immediately paid a visit to his debtor, whereupon the following dialogue took place:

Jones.—Well, Mr. Brown, you did not meet my draft.

Brown.—No.

Jones.—But I suppose you can pay me the money due on the slaves now?

Brown.—Indeed, I cannot.

Jones.—Why? Have you met with any losses or misfortunes, that you are unable to pay?

Brown.—No. My affairs were never more flourishing. I made an excellent crop last year, and have every prospect of a good one this, and the price of cotton is still going up. But I don't think I ought to pay you.

Jones.—For what reason? Are not the negroes good?—have you any fault to find with them?

Brown.—Oh, no! They are as likely a lot as ever were sold, and worth much more than I agreed to give for them. But the fact is, things are different now from what they were then. When I bought them I was pretty much the same as my neighbours, and didn't care much for the Constitution and the law; but since I have been elected a Justice of the Peace, and have taken a solemn oath to support the Constitution which forbids slaves being brought and sold into the State; the transaction between you and me was contrary to this plain article, and I can't, without violating my oath, carry the matter any further. I can't conscientiously be a party to an unlawful act, which I would be by paying you for the negroes you had no right to sell. Regard for my oath and duty to my country alike forbid it.

Jones.—Well damn me! if you are not the greatest fool or the damn'dest scoundrel in existence. If your cursed conscience won't let you pay me, give me back my negroes.

Brown.—Mr. Jones, there is no use of harsh words and though I am grieved at the violence of your expressions, I forgive you! As to returning the negroes, I can't think of it. You would go and sell them to some one else, in violation of the Constitution which I am sworn to support, and I would, by putting it in your power to do so, be equally guilty with yourself. I cannot be an accomplice in such a transaction, Mr. Jones! What honest man could! No, never!

This was too much for Jones, his fury overcame him; and we are sorry to say that he knocked Squire Brown down; but the squire was an athletic man and in the fight that followed, Jones was conquered with much damage to his right eye, and the loss of a part of his nose. Finding no satisfaction from taking the law into his own hands, he applied to the courts for the recovery of his debt, but the learned judges decided that the original contract being illegal, against the policy of the State, and in violation of positive law, the claim of the plaintiff could not even be considered. Jones paid lawyer's fees and costs, and Brown and conscience triumphed."

But perhaps *Punch*, or some other irreverent *Britisher* may exclaim here—where was that conscience which should be heavy for the wrongs of the poor fellows who was thus chaffered about, and the price of whose flesh and bones was thus quarelled over? "Alas!" as says the sermon which Trim read, that conscience "as Elijah reproached the god Baal,—'was either talking, or pursuing, or was on a journey, or peradventure he slept and could not be awoke.'

"Perhaps he was gone out in company with Honour to fight a duel; to pay off some debt at play;—or dirty annuity, the bargain of lust. Perhaps conscience all this time was engaged at home, talking aloud against petty larceny, and executing vengeance upon some such puny crimes, as his fortune and rank of life secured him against all temptation of committing, so that he lives as merrily, sleeps as soundly in his bed;—and at last meets death as unconcernedly;—perhaps much more so, than a much better man."

"All this is impossible with us, quoth Dr. Slop; the case could not happen in our church." "It happens in ours, however, said Mr. Shandy, but too often."

The devout brethren of the American church will comfort themselves with Dr. Slop.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.—Mr. Douglass, has continued to lecture through the past week in and about New York—here to coloured audiences exclusively. He has been accompanied in these meetings by Mr. C. Lenox Remond.

On Saturday last he was at Westbury, Long Island, and lectured to the coloured people in that neighbourhood, in the evening. Application was made for the Quaker Meeting House for some portion of the next day, but it was refused. The meeting, however, was held in the house of Joseph Post, and notwithstanding the Quaker atmosphere which surrounds that neighbourhood--in some portions of Long Island, it is said, they still believe Andrew Jackson to be President of the United States—there were intelligent people enough among them, who were anxious to hear Douglass, to crowd the house from garret to cellar.

The Southern Press.

If any one is in doubt as to what class of northern papers and northern men are esteemed at the South as the friends of Slavery, and its chief bulwark against the aggressions of its northern assailants, let such person turn to the first page of this week's Standard. How often have the Abolitionists been denounced as dealing in harsh and uncalled for language, and as assailing, not Slavery, but a thousand other things, because they have held up to public reprobation and scorn such men as those referred to in the southern papers from which we, this week, copy. No extracts which we have yet made from the southern papers have given us so much satisfaction in copying as these in which we are enabled to pillory, for the contemplation and contempt of those who may hereafter turn over our pages, the editors of the *Observer*, the *Courier & Enquirer*, the *Journal of Commerce*, the *Messenger*, and the *Express*. We esteem it fortunate that we are enabled to get into one sheet the evidence of the consideration which all these men have obtained among the slaveholders for the uniform and consistent allegiance which they have paid to the infernal system of Slavery, and the unflagging zeal, and indomitable perseverance with which they have pursued and persecuted the opponents of that system. The *Courier and Enquirer*, and the *Journal of Commerce* began their career of opposition to the Anti-Slavery movement, by hounding on the mob to the sacking of churches and destruction of private dwellings in 1834—though he who was the editorial head of the latter paper is now, probably not in Abraham's bosom, but no longer of this world—and they have worthily maintained their position: the *Observer*, the best known and most influential religious journal of the country has always been their ablest coadjutor in this work, unless we except Major Noah, of the *Messenger*, who proposed to the Grand Jury the indictment of the Abolitionists, to ensure his own popularity with the mob; as, had he been with Moses in the wilderness he would for the same reason, have worshipped the Golden Calf, and clamoured to return to the flesh-pots of Egypt. *Webb, Hale, Morse, and Noah*,—there could not perhaps be found in the whole country the names of four more malignant haters of the Anti-Slavery cause,—four more hearty scoffers at the rights of man. See how the South rejoices in them!

Among the articles in the first page is one from the *Hillsborough* (N. C.) *Democrat*, which we copy, not because it is of any particular importance in itself, for we have published others of the same spirit, but because its editor was afraid we should see and copy it. In a P. S. he says:

P. S. Since writing the above we have received a few numbers of the "*Anti-Slavery Standard*," a paper devoted to the free-soil interest, and published in the city of New York. He desires us to exchange with him; but as we see several extracts from Whig journals at the South, who have opposed Mr. Calhoun's report, and fearful that he may see this article, which will convince him that there is one paper at the South, the *Patriot*, whose course will gratify his abolition appetite, we will certainly not send him on the present number. We are not willing to give even *indirectly* "aid and comfort" to a heresy that is worse than "war, pestilence and famine."

This is only meant perhaps as a left-hand hit at its neighbour the *Patriot*, but we have learnt to know that it is not necessary to believe in Calhoun to defend Slavery.

The *Charleston Courier* also thus condescends to notice the *Standard*:

Anti-Slavery Standard.—We received, a few days since, a copy of a paper printed in New York, bearing this title, which we suppose was sent us especially for the reason that a column and a half of one of its pages was devoted to a small paragraph headed "Morals of Richland," which was inserted in the *Courier* of the 17th March. As the editor, in another part of his paper, refers to a journal which he promises to see in despite of a refusal to exchange, we suppose he will probably *look* for the *Courier*. We shall not take the trouble to inform him that [illegible] employed merely to cause those whom he thinks he castigates to laugh at his folly, and pity his ignorance. Had he half the sense possessed by most of our negroes he would have learned that it is but the province of a fool to meddle with matters they do not understand.

We don't believe the *Courier* does any such thing as to laugh at or pity us. It never would have blundered into such an admission of the intelligence of the slaves, had it not been chagrined at the character of the article it refers to. We are never abused by a Southern paper, or receive a returned *Standard*, with an impudent message on the margin, except when the paper returned or referred to, contains some of their slave-advertisements.—It was its own advertisement for the capture of that "straight-haired, middle-aged woman Fanny," that doubtless most moved the *Courier's* mirth.

The *South Carolinian*, more honest than the *Courier*, confesses its annoyance, and calls upon "old Zach" to interfere indirectly. We can assure the *Carolinian*, however, with a clear conscience, that the new administration is not at all responsible for our incendiary course:

INCENDIARY PUBLICATIONS BY MAIL.—The South is now being flooded with abolition documents and newspapers.—Whilst the *Anti-Slavery Standard* continues its offensive visits, we observe another of the same sort—the *Pennsylvania Freeman*—has commenced to be circulated in the Southern States. We respectfully invite the attention of President Taylor, "the man of the South," to the management of the Post Office Department. These documents are *treasonable*. The *Freeman* denounces the Constitution of the United States as "an infamous and wicked covenant." These publications are not only insulting to the people of the South, but are intended to overthrow our institutions and plunge the country into the direst evils.

The Government, under the Constitution, we believe has the entire control of the Post Office Department, and also the power to regulate what matter shall be carried through the mail. In the absence of legislative enactment then—for we believe no law exists on the subject, Mr. Calhoun's bill in 1836 having been lost at its final reading in the Senate—we conceive it to be the duty of the Executive—a duty which he owes to the people of the South—that he should endeavour to fill the Post Office Department with men who will not, by virtue of their office, aid in circulating these documents in the Southern States where they are *prohibited by law*.

The recent and increasing circulation of these documents is beyond doubt attributable to the knowledge that the Postmaster General is a thoroughgoing free soil man, and in all probability an Abolitionist; and it is a bad beginning for the admission of a *Southern* President that the enemies of our institutions should have such confidence in the agents of the Post Office Department, and that their confidence, thus far, has not been misplaced. There were scarcely one of these documents or papers circulated under the late Administration.

☞ As we have copied a good deal lately of the sort of notice with which our Southern contemporaries have honoured us, we venture to present the other side as it is set forth by our friend of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, lest some of our readers should really begin to believe that the Southerners are right about us:

THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.—We regret to say, that the organ of our National Society does not receive such a support as the interests of our cause require, and its own high character and uncompromising fidelity merit. It is far from creditable to the moral sentiment and literary taste of the American people, that while so many soulless, and trashy literary papers and magazines are growing rich upon their circulation, the *Standard* lacks a bare sustenance. All around it are papers of almost every class, far inferior to it in editorial ability, and general literary character, inferior to it in the solid value, freshness and variety of their selections, and still further below it in moral tone and humanitary spirit; yet they are bountifully patronized. We do not like to think it is because of these very deficiencies; but we strongly suspect that, if the *Standard* had abandoned its principles, and sought popularity, by pandering to prejudice, popular vices, and false tastes and customs, it might, with a tithe of its present talent, have a tenfold greater patronage than it now receives. That Pro-slavery men should withhold their support from a fearless Anti-Slavery sheet, whatever its other merits, is to be expected, but it surely becomes Abolitionists, and those who sympathize with our movement, to sustain so valuable and efficient an organ. We make no claim of perfection or infallibility for the paper. The editors are human, and of course, liable to err, in feeling, and judgment, and style; but no impartial man will doubt their devotion, and fidelity and ability or that they are doing service to the cause they love and labour for. Cannot Abolitionists overlook its imperfections for the sake of its merits? They can support heartless and profligate anti-reform papers, to promote their own interest, or obtain the earliest news; can they not pardon a hasty expression, or mistake of judgment, in the able and devoted advocate of Truth and Freedom?

During the eight years of its existence, the *Standard* has done much to produce that happy change in public sentiment, which excites the hopes, and rejoices the hearts of all Abolitionists, and for them now to permit it to perish or languish on, with a half support, is both ungrateful and unwise. Our enemies would exult in its fall, with a joy and triumph in proportion to their present fear of its bold truth and honest rebukes, and many a region into which it has carried the gospel of reform, would be left in comparative darkness. But let every Abolitionist resolve that it shall be sustained, and it will be, and no one will feel the burden. It is not a support alone, however, that we ask for it. Its circulation and usefulness ought to be and may be, greatly enlarged beyond those limits. Will not our friends everywhere join in an effort to increase that circulation? The interests of our cause and the peculiar circumstances of the present time call loudly for such action. Just as we have mellowed the soil for the seed, shall we recall the sowers from their work? As men begin to thirst for the truth, must we retrench our means of proclaiming the Truth? It will be a miserable economy, and if pursued would be ruinous.

The many extracts from the Southern press recently published in the *Standard*, give fresh and important evidence that the influence of that paper is widely felt, and that the day of its downfall would be a jubilee to the slaveholders. If the Abolitionists of the North wish to make the impression on the minds of their enemies, that they are losing their power, and diminishing in numbers, they can do so by withholding sustenance from the National Anti-Slavery paper, the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

Our excellent coadjutor in the cause of reform, the *London Punch*, also keeps its eyes open to the curious periodical literature of the Southern portion of the Model Republic, as the reader will observe from the subjoined article from the last number of that incomparable journal. Louis Phillipe, we remember, before the *Negira*, had so wholesome and instinctive a horror of *Punch* that its circulation in France was interdicted. It says what it pleases, however, in England, and hesitates neither to expose humbug and corruption in high places, or to bring to light the hidden wretchedness of low places. Nobody dares meddle with *Punch* in England, but we can assure it that the French King never hated it more heartily than the Sovereigns on this continent will, if it speaks thus evil of their good; and as he denounced it as mischieveous, so they will vote it incendiary, and their Postmasters, should it find its way South, will serve it after the same fashion as it was served by the French Police:

Othellos in New Orleans.

THE New Orleans people are delighted with MACREADY in everything, but especially in *Othello*, upon which the critics shower roses. This is very ingenuous but surely no less impolitic. The good souls do not perceive the dangerous tendency of great acting lavished upon a black. Nevertheless, with its columns filled with advertisements of runaway slaves, and of slaves to be knocked down by the hammer, the *Daily Picayune* (Feb. 15,) says of MACREADY'S *Othello*, "We have never yet seen anything so brilliant: such acting would redeem the vices of the stage, were they tenfold what they are." This may be very true; but, we repeat it, to tell such truth is very foolish.

The *Daily Picayune* is, we believe, a very important print. It has Art as an accessory to its political and social literature. The title is adorned with the figure of a female—very white, of course—seated upon something invisible, and holding in her lap a nest of young pelicans, poetically fed by the hen pelican. The right hand of the lady—the finger and thumb holding a branch of something, African nightshade it may be—reposes on a sugar-tub; whilst a ship—a slave-clipper, we presume—looms in the distance. There is, no doubt, deep and delicate meaning in all this. The lady is Liberty—American Liberty—and the pelicans, young citizens of the South, reared upon black blood purchased by Liberty to nourish them. The sugar-tub is blood again, turned into pleasantness and flavour.

This is all as it should be; but, *Picayune*, be consistent. Wherefore praise *Othello* on the stage, and advertise the black for sale? For instance, here we have two separate sales of slaves, one in sixty-seven lots, the other in sixty two—of slaves of both sexes and of all ages to suit all buyers. Lot 18 is, "ROSALINE *at the breast*;" and lot 64 is, "Old BETSY, *aged 80 years!*" This may be all very proper in a Model Republic; but we hold, that to praise the black on the stage, may, in the end, awaken sympathy for him in the market. Again, who shall say that the many escapes of slaves, advertised in this *Picayune*, may not be attributed to the admiration vouchsafed to MR. MACREADY? Hear the enthusiastic and foolish critic:—"What could we say of MACREADY, but that he carried into his personation of the Moor, the same elaborate study, matchless elocution, and consummate art, which we have admired before?"

And then, "the house was full and radiant with beautiful women. A dolt could not play ill to such an audience!" All this is, we fear, so much incitement to the black blood of New Orleans to decamp or rebel. And we have the result in some ten advertisements for ten runaway slaves; all of them, we doubt not, stimulated by the praise and sympathy lavished upon the actor, to take it into their heads to think themselves [illegible]. Here is—"JOHN, aged about 25 years, 5 feet 4, fine-looking and neat-dressed." "WILLIAM or BILLY, about 16 or 17 years old, *dark complexion*, slender built, with fore-finger off right hand;" and "MARY, a bright mulatto, and rather handsome—has a very impertinent air and bearing;" and lastly, "BRAZILE, speaks French and English, is about 21 years old, a dark mulatto or copper-colour, has a Roman nose, rather slender, genteel person!"—Here are these and others advertised, as a London lady would advertise a run-away spaniel or a flown parrot—advertised with small effigies of the fugitives, the more readily to catch the eye of the reader. And this is in the same sheet, with glowing commendation of the black of the actor; when there can be little doubt that the like eulogy personally bestowed on the same dangerous individual, originally instigated the negro desertion. We think every Slave State should consider this, and forbid the personation of *Othello* by MR. MACREADY; unless indeed, he should choose to "reverse the character," playing the Moor as a white man. Or, to satisfy both parties, why should not *Othello* be made a sort of piebald hero; divided after the fashion of the old coloured print of *Death and the Lady*—that is, half black and half white?

Magazines.

BLACKWOOD.—The April number, of Blackwood is, as most of its readers in this country, probably, will be glad to see, of a literary rather than a political character. It leads off with a review of Macaulay, which, though lameas a defence of Charles I. is an exceedingly discriminating and highly laudatory critique upon the character of the great historian and essayist.—The last edition of Tennyson's poems is also made the subject of an article, and a high place given him as a poet, though what the reviewer considers as his faults are not spared.—Johnson's Physical Geography is the title of an article, of which we read as far as the following words and there stopped:

"In the glance which we shall give at this great science (Geology) we look only to the external structure of the earth; briefly protesting against all these theories which refer its origin to an earlier period, or a longer process than the 'six days' of scripture."

We should not choose for a scientific guide, a man who would reject all facts of nature that did not square with a certain foregone conclusion which, he argues, was inspired because it is found in the Bible, and is found in the Bible because it was inspired. Were this writer to illumine the pages of Blackwood with a treatise on Astronomy, he would "protest against the theory" of Copernicus, inasmuch as Joshua commanded the Sun to stand still.—An excellent number of The Caxton's; an interesting article upon the "Ancient Practice of Painting;" another upon the annals of crime among the Aristocracy; two poems by B. Simmons; "Claudia and Pudens," a review of a new work the purpose of which is to show that Claudia was a British Princess; and No. 1. of a biographical sketch of Sir Astley Cooper, the distinguished Surgeon, all make this number of the Magazine not less than usually attractive. *L. Scott & Co. Fulton st.*

SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND ART.—We notice a marked improvement in this Magazine since it has passed into the hands of its new proprietors. Its engravings are certainly equal to those of any other of the monthlies, and their subjects are all happily chosen. Its pages of stories, moreover, are relieved by something which people out of their teens can read, as in this number, "Leaves from the Banks of the Rhine" by Frederika Bremer; the continuation of "English Characteristics" by Mrs. Kirkland; the brief sketch by Miss Sedgwick; and the fine poems by Longfellow and Lowell.

For sale by Dewitt and Davenport, Tribune Buildings.

Free Soil Address.

The Democratic members of the Legislature have issued a long and able Address "to the Democratic Republican Electors of the State of New York," a portion of which is devoted to the consideration of the subject of the extension of Slavery, and of the relation which the several political parties of the country sustain to that question. Thus much of it we copy:

—To what then is the extraordinary result of the election to be attributed? There is but one satisfactory answer that occurs to us, and we frankly submit this to you. WE BELIEVE THE DEFEAT OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY IS MAINLY AND DIRECTLY OWING TO ITS PROSTRATION BEFORE THE SLAVE POWER OF THE COUNTRY. A brief recital will show the manner in which this was effected. Until within a very few years, no intelligent man in the United States ventured to deny that Human Slavery was a moral, social and political evil; that its limits should be restricted, its condition meliorated as far as practicable, and the evil itself eventually eradicated. This was the policy of the framers of the Constitution, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Mason and Nicholas, although Southern men and Slaveholders, took the lead in urging and effectuating this benign policy. This was not, it is true, a party question, because no party could be found to advocate the perpetuation or extension of Slavery. Those eminent men, knowing that Slavery originally was established by force and not by law, were aware that its spread could only be prevented by positive prohibition.

In framing, therefore, a territorial government for the vast territory north and west of the Ohio, which had been ceded to the Union by Virginia, the Congress of the Confederation, so early as 1787, provided that Slavery or involuntary servitude should never exist therein, except as punishment for crime. This ordinance was originally framed by Mr. Jefferson, in 1784; it was debated at three successive sessions, and finally adopted in 1787, by the unanimous vote of all the States represented in that Congress—among which were the slaveholding States of Delaware, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia. This Ordinance was sent to Virginia, and passed almost unanimously by its State legislature.

The United States Constitution was adopted in 1788, and the first Congress assembled under it in 1789—amongst its acts, ratified and confirmed this ordinance. From the slaveholding territory thus dedicated to freedom, were formed the territories of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin; and in the acts erecting each of these territories, Slavery was expressly prohibited. A like prohibition was inserted in the bill erecting the territory of Iowa, which was formed from a part of Louisiana. These six territories, thus disencumbered and protected from Slavery became free States, and experience proves that no people saved from Slavery by the prohibitory legislation of Congress will afterwards assume this burden. The Mexican war having added to our possessions New Mex

pose to prevent the formation of any civil government in California or New Mexico, so as to keep up the agitation between the North and the South for sectional party objects, the President may find it to be his solemn duty to FROWN INDIGNANTLY on that as not merely the first dawning, but the "perfect day" of an attempt to alienate one portion of the Union from another."

It will be observed that the "frowns" of the President are not threatened against *any* party which shall be guilty of the censurable conduct to which he adverts, but against "*the Free Soil party or any portion of it*" which shall incur his displeasure. This eminent functionary then being at the head of a conspiracy to dissolve the Union in case the spread of Slavery is prohibited by Congress, having access to addresses and resolutions put forth by members of Congress, having this object in view remains blind to these manifestations. He does not propose to "*detect*" such persons, or even to arrest them after confession; but reserves his "frowns" for those who never conceived or entertained any of the purposes which he describes as "the 'perfect day' of an attempt to alienate one portion of the Union from another."

It is lamentable, however, to find that these apprehended "frowns" should already have terrified those, who, at the last Presidential election, were loudest in lip service, in the cause of Freedom, and who were selected as its champions for positions of high trust. In view of these facts we turn to you, who have never been moved by smiles or frowns, and who have borne the brunt of many and severe contests in behalf of Freedom, and ask, is this a time to compromise or qualify your position? Do you see security or honour elsewhere, except in a firm, steady, unyielding advocacy of the rights of man! To whose hands can you safely surrender the ordinance of JEFFERSON, to whom you trust the enforcement of the principles which TOMPKINS and WRIGHT taught, to which they dedicated their lives, and which are hallowed by their memories? You, democrats of New York, seem to us the appropriate depositories of this precious trust, the natural champions of liberty in the struggle which is at hand!

We entertain no fears for the integrity of the Union. Bound together, as these States are, by the recollection of the troubles through which they have passed, united by ties of association and kindred, rejoicing in a common prosperity and glory, we look forward with confidence to their long and brilliant career in union. Devotion to the Union is the common sentiment of her people, and the voice or hand that shall be raised against it, will be overwhelmed with scorn and indignation. Nor can we doubt the issue of the contest now waging in behalf of human freedom. Abroad and aroud us everywhere are indications of popular sentiment that cannot be mistaken. Slavery has fallen in Turkey, Great Britain, France, Denmark, and other countries. Recent demonstrations in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Missouri, and the District of Columbia, show that the feeling in behalf of liberty, so far from being checked by the late election, is gaining strength and power. The Democratic party, relieved from the incubus of the administration at Washington, and the perverted organization at Baltimore, can now stand forth in its natural attitude as the advocate of the liberty of man. Whilst it would in no respect interfere with the rights of the several States, it can and should banish Slavery from our national legislation. But whatever others may do, your duty seems to us most simple. You have maintained your principles and your organization under every past discouragement. You will continue to do so.

Appended to the address is a series of Resolutions, one of which, referring to the same topic as the portion of the address which we copy, is as follows:

Resolved. That we regard any attempt to extend the institution of Slavery into territory now free, either by the action or forbearance of the federal government, as subversive of the union of the States or destructive of those fraternal bonds and sympathies without which the Union would be an unmitigated calamity.

Domestic Correspondence.

Washington Monument.—Shall it be built?

This is the title of an address to the citizens of New York, by J. S. Lyon, in which he calls upon them to redeem the pledge which has been made to the people of the Union, that a Monument to the memory of Washington should be erected in that city. The author estimates the whole cost of $500,000—time for construction five years. The population of the city is 400,000. If 100,000 contribute each one dollar a year, the city, at the end of five years, would present the country with a monumental structure to the memory of Washington, such as no other country has ever reared to the most distinguished benefactor. We have not room to follow the author in the inducements he proposes for subscribers—such as free admission to a library, to be connected with the Monument—but hope he will succeed in arousing his fellow citizens to an examination of his plans.

The above was taken from a Philadelphia paper, and the copyist would suggest to those who are willing to contribute to the cost of a Monument, whether upon mature reflection they would not think the $500,000 had better be expended in purchasing ground in a suitable and airy situation in the city of New York, and erecting a large and substantial house for a Hotel, to be called the Washington Monumental House, and the rent or part of it, to be laid out yearly in farms, and the necessary expenses attending farming. The farms to be within a hundred miles of the city, and those farms to have suitable persons put on them as overseers. Some may say it will be attended with difficulty to get suitable persons, but why more so than for other public institutions? When persons apply for relief who may need much assistance, let them be conveyed as soon as possible to a farm, instead of putting them in the almshouse to be supported at public expense. On the farms they can earn their board and clothing at once, and that is all they must expect while there, but be at liberty to leave as soon as they can better their condition. Perhaps many might like to go on public or Government land, after being awhile on the farms. Many, by a little timely assistance, if any way energetic, might in a few years become persons of respectability and property, but if left to struggle on as many do in abject poverty, will always be a burden and expense to the public. No doubt there would be many children who might be profitably employed in tending sheep, where fences are not sufficient to confine them to the place of pasture. Small farms well cultivated are much better than large ones poorly tilled. So where the plough cannot be used let the spade and the hoe be. The produce of those farms, if more is raised than is needed for the occupants, would be a help towards supplying the Alms House and other establishments supported at public expense. Broom corn might be a profitable article, as it would afford employment in winter for some by making brooms. Shoe-making for the inmates of each house should be done by some on the premises—so should all the blacksmith's work be done on the farms, and everything that can be done to advantage on the premises should be done on them.

Instead of paying the overseers by salary, let them have a certain portion of the produce; by that means they will be more likely to exert themselves to try to raise good crops, and put everything to the best advantage. If this state of things could be brought about, in the course of a few years we should see the country dotted with well cultivated farms, and the inhabitants of our cities relieved of many persons who are getting their living by begging, and some who no doubt are imposing on the charitable.

No doubt there are many now in poverty who are the descendants of Washington's companions on the battle-field, and how much more comfortable would they be, to be relieved by the proceeds of this Monument, than by looking daily at the most splendid marble monument that would cost $500,000. And what a pleasant reflection to those who may contribute to the erection of a Monument of this kind, when thinking of the *poor*, that if they are willing to conform to the rules of the establishment they may be made comfortable, as there they will have comfortable clothing, wholesome food, &c.

A marble monument might please the eye of the rich and those in easy circumstances, but to those who need the common necessaries of life, it would be but cold comfort—as cold as the material it is composed of. $500,000 laid out in the way herein proposed, would be a perpetual monument, and one that will be more serviceable than he most superb pile of marble that could be erected to the now almost immortal name of Washington.

The foregoing was written more than two years ago since which time the Monument has been commenced, and no doubt is in such a state of forwardness that some who might be in favour of the Monumental House would not be willing to withdraw their patronage from the Monument, but perhaps if this piece was laid before the public, there might be so many in favour of this that it might succeed as well as the Marble Monument.

ESTERN KNOWL, March 20, 1849.

We publish the following Address at the request of the writer, who finds some difficulty, we believe, in procuring its insertion in the columns of papers where it would more appropriately appear. If there are among our readers any persons who would like to spend a few days in hearing read a Latin Essay upon the question—whether, according to Christian principles, Monarchies are or not? elucidated by illustrations drawn from the Beast with seven heads and ten horns, spoken of in the Book of Revelations, such persons, we sincerely hope, will accept Mr. Smolnikar's invitation, for we much fear us that his audience will not be a large one.

An Address:

To Catholics and Protestants, calling their attention to some very important points on the affairs of our age

Universal peace has been promised to mankind and certainly will be established, when the nations shall have obtained a suitable education; and this they soon will obtain after the abolition of obstacles that now impede free discussion, and after a due compliance with the command of the Scriptures, to prove all things and to hold fast that which is good. According to this command, I have searched assidiously after Truth, and especially during the eighteen years of my priesthood, ten of which I was public Imperial Royal Professor of the Branch of Biblical studies in Theology. I also afterwards travelled for many years, examining all religious parties with whom I could meet, holding fast that which I found to be good, and contributing my share towards an abolition of what I discovered to be bad.

I have thus prefaced, in order that Catholics and Protestants may understand my just demand, and that they should make the same known to the bishops and priests, as well as to other scholars who understand Latin, that as many as are able to come, be present during ourexamination of the most important points concerning the universal welfare of mankind. I choose the Latin language for this examination or discussion, that all bishops and priests who can come to New York, may be partakers in it. Although the points selected to be examined may appear strange to some Catholics, nevertheless I request them seriously to consider that we could not attain to truth without an examination of the matter in question; and according to the doctrine of Jesus, nothing but truth will make us free. The question is now of the greatest importance; whether, according to Christian principles, monarchies may continue to exist or not?—All points which we will examine have a reference to this question. Therefore nobody who fears to examine these points deserves to enjoy the advantages of the Republican Government of the United States; because such a person continues to be the servant of monarchs. I invite bishops and priests, as well as all other persons who understand Latin, not only to examine the matter, but also to refute me, if they think I can be refuted. They, all together, will not fear to appear publicly against one, if they find that my arguments are not strong enough to prove my assertions. All men will gain very much at all events, if we succeed in making the points clear; because it is the darkness concerning these points that has brought exceedingly much mischief upon Christian nations; and troubles and wars will not cease, until my evidences, which will be exhibited in a Latin Treatise in which the following points will be asserted, shall have been thoroughly examined, and the results of this examination spread everywhere: I. That the Beast with seven heads and ten horns, which is spoken of in the thirteenth chapter of John's Revelation, represents Popery, that is, the Popish power, the Popish monarchy, which is to be well distinguished from the Catholic Church; since imposters who are leading the ignorant people into destruction, were accustomed to confound the Catholic Church with Popedom. II. That this beast ascended from the bottomless pit, (according to the eighth verse of the seventeenth chapter of the Revelation), in the year 1814, when immediately after the ruin of Napoleon's power, the Pope took again possession of the ecclesiastical States. III. That the angel descending from Heaven, or the messenger with the Heavenly message, announced the fall of Babylon according to Divine commission, as it is written in the first three verses of the eighteenth chapter of Revelation, on Easter Sunday, A. D. 1838, and has given us by this proclamation the assurance that we will triumph in the name of Truth against the falsehood and delusion of Popedom. IV. That the above-mentioned three principal points, by a long succession of signs, prepared for our use by Divine Providence, have been confirmed in such a manner, that no person who has an opportunity to gain information of these things, can be excused by ignorance, but is a rebel against Christ or against Truth, if he supports Popery. I shall read my Latin treatise publicly on the following days, which, and the hall of my lecturing, should be written in the memorandum-books of those who understand Latin and are able to attend my lectures: on the 15th, 16th, and 17th of May next, that is, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of the third week of May, 1849, in the American Hall, Broadway, corner of Grand street, New York. On these three days, I will lecture from half-past 9 to 12 o'clock, A. M. and from half-past 2 to 5 o'clock, P. M. until the reading of my Treatise shall have been finished on the third day, either before or after the expiration of the appointed hours. After the reading of the whole manuscript, I will offer it to those who may feel themselves called upon to refute either many or few points in it; but refuters will give me in writing their names and professions, and then I will give them my manuscript for refutation, which (that nobody might make any abuse of my manuscript, and that no other persons might be admitted to its refutation, except those who are not afraid to give their names for my public use,) will be written in a room appointed for this purpose, under inspection, and will be delivered by us in a week, that we will lose no time by any deceit of our adversary in spreading that which is fit for the peace of nations; and the refutation must not be longer than my Treatise; because so much will be sufficient to convince readers, whether I or my refuters are founded on the Rock of Truth. Then my manuscript, together with such reply as may be made to it, shall be given to me, that I may add such a rejoinder as I may deem proper to enable every unprejudiced reader to judge correctly concerning this matter. Then the whole will be printed together, and I will add to my Treatise as many points as shall be necessary,—the whole together making a large volome. This shall be done also in case that nobody undertakes to refute my Treatise.

Whereas, we design nothing else than to propagate the Truth for the welfare of mankind, I request editors of newspapers to publish this article, that this most important news might be spread everywhere. I invite most earnestly, not only bishops and priests, (who in this case should understand their duty,) but also all other Catholics and Protestants who understand Latin and are able to attend my lectures, to attend them on the above-appointed days. To those American scholars who are not acquainted with the European pronunciation of Latin words, I shall make in the beginning of my lectures comprehensible how they may easily understand the European pronunciation, and how they will acquire besides the knowledge of the most important things, also a practice to converse in Latin in an intelligible manner, with such scholars as are not acquainted with the American pronunciation of Latin words.

Your sincere brother, for the deliverance of our race from darkness and oporession,

ANDREW B. SMOLNIKAR.

General Intelligence.

From the National Intelligencer.

Col. Fremont and his Party—Authentic Particulars.

Letters have been received from Colonel Fremont covering the two months (from the last of November to the 2d of February) that he was not heard of, and giving terrible events of that time. They are written from Taos and Santa Fe, New Mexico, and addressed to Mrs. Fremont, at Washington; and, in her absence, (for it was deemed probable that she might have set off to California by sea before they could arrive,) to Senator Benton, and in his absence to William Carey Jones, Esq. The letters came from St. Louis last night, having been brought to that place by Mr. St. Vrain. Mrs. Fremont, fortunately, was gone. Senator Benton had delayed his departure for Missouri, confident that letters were on the way; and in his hands we have seen the originals, and we propose to give extracts in the order of their dates. The first is dated

TAOS, (New Mexico,) Jan. 27, 1849.

I write to you from the house of our good friend Carson.—This morning a cup of chocolate was brought to me while in bed. To an overworn, overworked, fatigued, and starving traveller, these little luxuries of the world offer an interest which, in your comfortable home, it is not possible for you to conceive.

I have now the unpleasant task of telling you how I came here. I had much rather speak of the future, (with plans for which I am already occupied,) for the mind turns from the scenes I have witnessed and the sufferings we have endured; but as clear information is due to you, and to your father still more, I will give you the story now, instead of waiting to tell it to you in California; but I write in the great hope that you will not receive this letter. When it reaches Washington you may be on your way to California.

Former letters will have made you acquainted with our progress as far as Bent's Fort, and, from report, you will have heard the circumstances of our departure from the *Upper Pueblo*, near the head of the Arkansas. We left that place on the 25th November with upwards of one hundred good mules and one hundred and thirty bushels of shelled corn, intended to support our animals in the deep snows of the high mountains and down to the lower parts or the Grand river* tributaries where usually the snow forms no obstacle to winter travelling. At *Pueblo* I had engaged as a guide an old trapper, well known as "*Bill Williams*," and who had spent some twenty-five years of his life in trapping in various parts of the Rocky mountains.

The error of our expedition was committed in engaging this man. He proved never to have known, or wholly to have forgotten, the whole country through which we were to pass. We occupied (after passing the mountain) more than half a month in making the progress of a few days, blundering along a tortuous course, through deep snow, which already began to choke up the passes, and wasting our time in searching the way. The 11th of December we found ourselves at the mouth of the *Rio del Norte canon*, where that river issues from the *Sierra San Juan*—one of the highest, most rugged, and impracticable of all the Rocky Mountain ranges, inaccessible to trappers and hunters, even in summer. Across the point of this elevated range our guide conducted us; and, having still great confidence in this man's knowledge, we pressed on with fatal resolution. Even along the river bottoms the snow was already breast deep for the mules, and falling frequently in the valley and almost constantly on the mountains. The cold was extraordinary. At the warmest hours of the day (between one and two) the thermometer (Fahrenheit) stood, in the shade of a tree trunk, at *zero*; and that was a favourable day, the sun shining, and a moderate breeze. Judge of the nights and the storms!

We pressed up towards the summit, the snow deepening as we rose, and in four or five days of this struggling and climbing all on foot, we reached the naked ridges which lie above the line of the timbered region, and which form the dividing height between the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Along these naked heights it storms all winter, and the raging winds sweep across them with remorseless fury. On our first attempt to cross we encountered a *pouderie*—(dry snow driven thick through the air by violent wind, and in which obstacles are visible only at a short distance)—and were driven back, having some ten or twelve men variously frozen—face, hands or feet. The guide came near being frozen to death here, and dead mules were already lying about the camp fires. Meantime it snowed steadily. The next day (December—) we renewed the attempt to scale the summit, and were more fortunate, as it then seemed. Making mauls, and beating down a road or trench, through the deep snow, we forced the ascent in defiance of the driving *pouderie*, crossed the crest, descended a little, and encamped immediately below in the edge of the timbered region. The trail showed as if a defeated party had passed by—packs, pack saddles, scattered articles of clothing, and dead mules strewed along. We were encamped about twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea. Westward the country was buried in snow. The storm continued. All movement was paralized. To advance with the expedition was impossible; to get back impossible. Our fate stood revealed. We were overtaken by sudden and inevitable ruin. The poor animals were to go first. The only places where grass could be had were the extreme summits of the *Sierra*, where the sweeping winds kept the rocky ground bare, and where the men could not live. Below, in the timbered region, the poor animals could not get about, the snow being deep enough to bury them alive. It was inevitable that we should lose every one. I took my resolution immediately, and determined to re-cross the mountain back to the valley of the *Rio del Norte*, dragging or packing the baggage by men. With great labour the baggage was transported across the cress to the head springs of a little stream leading to the main river. A few days was sufficient to destroy that fine band of mules which you saw me purchase last fall on the frontier of Missouri. They generally kept huddled together; and, as they froze, one would be seen to tumble down, and disappear under the driving snow. Sometimes they would break off, and rush down towards the timber till stopped by the deep snow, where they were soon hidden by the *pouderie*. The courage of some of the men began to fail.

In this situation I determined to send in a party to the Spanish settlements of New Mexico for provisions, and for mules to transport our baggage. With economy, and after we should leave the mules, we had not two weeks' provisions in the camp, and these consisted of a reserve of macaroni, bacon, sugar, &c. intended for the last extremity. It was indispensible to send for relief. I asked for volunteers for the service. From the many that offered, I chose King, Brackenride, Creutzeldt, and the guide, Williams; and placed the party under the command of King, with directions to send me an express in case of the least delay at the settlements. It was the day of Christmas that this little party set out for relief. That day, like many Christmas days for years past, was spent by me on the side of a wintry mountain, my heart filled with anxious thoughts and gloomy forebodings. You may be sure we contrasted it with the Christmas of home, and made warm wishes for your happiness. Could you have looked into Agrippa's glass for a few moments only? You remember the volumes of Blackstone's Comments which I took from your father's library when we were overlooking it at our friend Brant's? They made my Christmas "*amusements*." I read them to pass the time, and kill the consciousness of my situation. Certainly you may suppose my first law lessons will be well remembered.

The party for relief being gone, we of the camp occupied ourselves in removing the baggage and equipage down the side of the mountain to the river in the valley, which we accomplished in a few days. Now came on the *tedium* of waiting for the return of the relief party. Day after day passed, and no news from them. Snow fell almost incessantly in the mountains. The spirits of the camp grew lower. Life was losing its charm to those who had no reasons beyond themselves to live. Proue laid down in the trail and froze to death. In a sunshine day, and having with him the means to make a fire, he threw his blanket down on the trail, laid down upon it and froze to death! We were not then with him.

Sixteen days passed away, and no tidings from the party sent for relief. I became oppressed with anxiety, weary of delay, and determined to go myself both in search of the absent party, and in search of relief in the Mexican settlements. I was aware that our troops in New Mexico had been engaged in hostilities with the Spanish Utahs, and with the Apaches, who range in the valley of the *Rio del Norte* and the mountains where we were, and became fearful that they (King and his party) had been cut off by these Indians. I could imagine no other accident to them. Leaving the camp employed with the baggage, under the command of Vincenthaler, with injunctions to follow me in three days, I set off down the river with a small party, consisting of Godey, his young nephew, Proue, and Saunders, (coloured servant.)—We carried our arms and provisions for two or three days.—In the camp (left under the command of Vincenthaler) the messes only had provisions for a few meals and a supply of five pounds of sugar to each man. If I failed to meet King my intention was to make the Mexican settlement on the *Colorado*, a little affluent of the *Rio del Norte*, about half a degree above Taos (you will see it on my map,) and thence send back the speediest relief possible to the party under Vincenthaler.

On the second day after leaving the camp we came upon a fresh trail of Indians—two lodges with a considerable number of animals. This did not lessen our uneasiness for our long absent people. The Indian trail, where we fell upon it, turned and went down the river, and we followed it. On the fifth day after leaving camp, we surprised an Indian on the ice of the river. He proved to be a Utah, son of a Grand River chief, whom we had formerly known, and he behaved towards us in a friendly manner. We encamped near them at night. By a present of a rifle, my two blankets, and other promised rewards when we should get in, I prevailed on this Indian to go with us as a guide to the *Little Rio Colorado* settlement, and to take with him four of his horses to carry our little baggage. The horses were miserably poor, and could only get along at a slow walk. On the next day (the sixth of our progress) we left the Indian lodges late and travelled only some six or seven miles. About sunset we discovered a light smoke, in a grove of timber, off from the river, and, thinking perhaps it might be our express party (King and his men) on their return, we went to see. This was the twenty-second day since that party had left us, and the sixth since we had left the camp under Vincenthaler. We found them—three of them: Creutzfeldt, Brackenridge, and Williams—the most miserable objects I had ever beheld. I did not recognise Creutzfeldt's features, when Brackenridge brought him up and told me his name. They had been starving!—King had starved to death a few days before. His remains were some six or eight miles above, near the river. By aid of the Indian horses we carried these three with us, down to the valley, to the *Pueblo* on the *Little Colorado*, which we reached the fourth day afterwards, (the tenth after leaving the camp on the mountains,) having travelled through snow, and on foot, one hundred and sixty miles.

I look upon the feeling which induced me to set out from the camp as an inspiration. Had I remained there, waiting the return of poor King's party, every man of us must have perished.

The morning after reaching the Little Colorado *Pueblo*, (horses and supplies not being there,) Godey and I rode on to the *Rio Hondo*, and thence to Taos, about twenty-five miles, where we found what we needed; and the next morning Godey, with four Mexicans, thirty horses or mules, and provisions, set out on his return to the relief of Vincenthaler's party. I heard from him at the Little Colarado *Pueblo*, which he reached the same day he left me, and pressed on the next morning. On the way he received an accession of eight or ten horses, turned over to him by the orders of Major Beall of the army, commanding officer of this Northern District of New Mexico. From him I received the offer of every aid in his power, and such actual assistance as he was able to render. Some horses, which he had just recovered from the Utahs, were loaned to me, and he supplied me from the commissary's department with provisions, which I could have had nowhere else. I find myself in the midst of friends. With Carson is living Owens. Maxwell is at his father-in-law's, doing a prosperous business as a merchant and contractor for the troops. I remain here with these old comrades, while Godey goes back; because it was not necessary for me to go with him, and it was necessary for me to remain, and prepare the means of resuming the expedition to California as soon as he returns with the men left behind. I expect him on Wednesday evening the 31st instant, this being the 17th.

Say to your father that these are my plans for the future:

At the beginning of February (Godey having got back at that time) I shall set out for California, taking the Southern route—the old route—by the *Rio Abajo*, the *Puso del Norte*, the south side of the *Gila*, entering California by the *Agua Caliente*, thence to *Los Angeles*, and immediately to San Francisco, expecting to get there in March, and hoping for your arrival in April. It is the first time I have *explored* an old road, but cannot help it now. I shall move rapidly, taking with me but part of my party. *The surveys has been interrupted up to this point, and I shall carry it on consecutively.* As soon as possible after reaching California I shall go on with it. I shall then be able to draw up a map and report of the whole country, agreeable to our original plan. Your father knows that this is an object of great desire with me. *All my other plans remain entirely unaltered.* A home in California is the first point, and that will be ready for you in April.

Evening.—Mr. St. Vrain and Aubrey, who have just arrived from Santa Fe, called to see me. I had the gratification to learn that St. Vrain sets outa from Santa Fe on the 15th of February for St. Louis; so that by him I shall have an early and sure opportunity of sending you my letters—the one I now write, and others after the return of Godey, and up to our departure for California. Lieutenant Beall left Santa Fe on his way to California on the 9th of this month. He probably carried on with him any letters that might have been in his care, or at Santa Fe, for me.

Monday, Jan. 29.—My letter assumes a journal form.—No news from Godey. A great deal of falling weather—rain and sleet here—snow in the mountains. This is to be considered a poor country, mountainous, with but little arable land, and infested with hostile Indians.

I am anxiously waiting to hear from my party, and in much uneasiness as to their fate. My presence kept them together and quiet: my absence may have had a bad effect. When we overtook King's famishing party, Brackenridge said to me, "*He felt himself safe.*"

The following is the letter referred to:

TAOS, New Mexico, Feb. 6.

After a long delay, which had wearied me to the point of resolving to set out again myself, tidings have at last reached me from my ill-fated party.

Mr. Vincenthaler came in last night, having the night before reached the Little Colorado settlement, with three or four others. Including Mr. King and Mr. Proue, we have lost eleven of our party.

Occurrences, since I left them, are briefly these, so far as they came to the knowledge of Mr. Vingenthaler: I say briefly, because I am now unwilling to force my mind to dwell upon the details of what has been suffered. I need reprieve from terrible contemplations. I am absolutely astonished at this persistance of misfortune—this succession of calamities which no care or vigilance of mind could foresee or prevent.

You will remember that I left at the camp twenty-three men when I set off with Godey, Preuss, and my servant, in search of King and succour, with directions about the baggage, and with occupation sufficient about it to employ them for three or four days; after which they were to follow me to the river. Within that time I expected relief from King's party, if it came at all. They remained seven days, and then started, their scant provisions about exhausted, and the dead mules on the western side of the great Sierra buried under the snow.

Manuel—(you will remember Manuel—a Christian Indian of the Consumne tribe in the valley of the San Joaquin)—gave way to a feeling of despair after they had moved about two miles, and begged Vincenthaler, whom I had left in command, to shoot him. Failing to find death in that form, he turned and made his way back to the camp, intending to die there, which he doubtless soon did.

The party moved on, and at ten miles Wise gave out—threw away his gun and blanket—and, a few hundred yards farther, fell over into the snow and died. Two Indian boys, countrymen of Manuel, were behind. They came upon him—rolled him up in his blanket, and buried him in the snow, on the bank of the river.

No other died that day. None the next.

Carver raved during the night—his imagination wholly occupied with images of many things which he fancied himself to be eating. In the morning he wandered off, and probably soon died. He was not seen again.

Sorrel on this day (the fourth from the camp) laid down to die. They built him a fire, and Morin, who was in a dying condition, and snow-blind, remained with him.—These two did not probably live till the next morning. That evening (I think it was) Hubbard killed a deer.

They travelled on, getting here and there a grouse, but nothing else, the deep snow in the valley having driven off the game.

The state of the party became desperate, and brought Vincenthaler to the determination of breaking it up, in order to prevent them from living upon each other. He told them that he had done all he could for them—that they had no other hope remaining than the expected relief—and that the best plan was to scatter, and make the best of their way, each as he could, down the river; that, for himself, if he was to be eaten, he would, at all events, be found travelling when he did die. The address had its effect. They accordingly separated.

With Vincenthaler continued five others—Scott, Hubbard, Martin, Bauon, one other, and two Cosumne Indian boys.

Rohrer now became despondent and stopped. Vincenthaler reminded him of his family, and urged him to try and hold out for their sake. Roused by this appeal to his tenderest affections, the unfortunate man moved forward, but feebly, and soon began to fall behind. On a further appeal he promised to follow and to overtake them that evening.

Vincenthaler, Scott, Hubbard, and Martin now agreed that if any one of them should give out the others should not wait for him to die, but to push on and try and save themselves. Soon this mournful covenant had to be kept. But let me not anticipate events. Sufficient for each day is the sorrow thereof.

At night Kernes party encamped a few hundred yards from Vincenthaler's with the intention, according to Taplin, to remain where they were until the relief should come, and in the meantime to live upon those who had died, and upon the weaker ones as they should die. With this party were three brothers Kerne, Captain Cathcart, McKie, Andrews, Stepporfeldt and Taplin. I do not know that I have got all the names of this party.

Ferguson and Beadle had remained together behind. In the evening Rohrer came up and remained in Kerne's party. Vincenthaler learned afterward from some of the party that Rhorer and Andrews wandered off the next morning and died. They saw their bodies.

Vincenthaler's party continued on. After a few hours Hubbard gave out. According to the agreement he was left to die, but with such comfort as could be given him. They built him a fire and gathered him some wood, and then left him—without turning their heads, as Vincenthaler says, to look at him as they went off.

About two miles farther, Scott—you remember him; he used to shoot birds for you on the frontier—he gave out. He was another of the four who had covenanted against waiting for each other. The survivors did for him as they had done for Hubbard, and passed on.

In the afternoon the two Indian boys went ahead—blessed be these boys!—and before nightfall met Godey with the relief. He had gone on with all speed. The boys gave him the news. He fired signal guns to notify his approach. Vincenthaler heard the guns, and knew the crack of our rifles, and felt that relief had come. This night was the first of hope and joy. Early in the morning, with the first grey light, Godey was in the trail, and soon met Vincenthaler, and the wreck of the party slowly advancing. I hear that all cried together like children—these men of iron nerves and lion hearts, when dangers were to be faced and hardships to be conquered. Succour was soon dealt out to these few first met; and Godey with his relief, and accompanied by Vincenthaler, who turned back, hurriedly followed the back trail in search of the living and the dead, scattered in the rear. They came to Scott first. He was yet alive, and is saved! They came to Hubbard next; he was dead but still warm. These were the only ones of Vincenthaler's party that had been left.

From Kerne's party, next met, they learned the deaths of Andrews and Rohrer; and a little farther on, met Ferguson, who told them that Beadle had died the night before. All the living were found and saved—Manuel among them; which looked like a resurrection, and reduces the number of dead to TEN; one-third of the whole party which a few days before were scaling the mountain with me, and battling with the elements 12,000 feet in the air.

Godey had accomplished his mission for the people; a farther service had been prescribed him, that of going to the camp on the river, at the base of the great mountain, to recover the most valuable of the baggage, secreted there. With some Mexican and pack mules he went on; and this is the last yet heard of him.

Vincenthaler, with Martin and Bacon, all on foot, and bringing Scott on horseback, have just arrived at the outside Pueblo on the Little Colorado. Provisions for their support, and horses for their transport, were left for the others, who preferred to remain where they were, regaining some strength, until Godey should get back. At the latest they would have reached the little Pueblo last night. Vincenthaler came on to relieve my anxieties, and did well in so doing; for I was wound up to the point of setting out again. When Godey returns I shall know from him all the circumstances sufficiently in detail to understand clearly everything. But it will not be necessary to tell you anything farther. You have the results and sorrow enough in reading them.

Evening.—How rapid are the changes of life! A few days ago, I was struggling through snow in the savage wilds of the upper Del Norte—following the course of the frozen river in more than Russian cold—no food—no blanket to cover me in the long freezing nights—(I had sold my two to the Utah for help to my men)—uncertain at what moment of the night we might be roused by the Indian rifle: doubtful, very doubtful whether I should ever see you or friends again. Now I am seated by a comfortable fire, alone; pursuing my own thoughts; writing to you in the certainty of reaching you; a French volume of Balzac on the table; a print of the landing of Columbus before me; listening in safety to the raging storm without!

You will wish to know what effect the scenes I have passed through have had upon me. In person, none. The destruction of my party, and the loss of friends, are causes of grief; but I have not been injured in body or mind. Both have been strained and severely taxed, but neither hurt. I have seen one or the other, and sometimes both, give way in strong frames, strong minds and stout hearts; but, as heretofore, I have come out unhurt. I believe that the remembrance of friends sometimes gives us a power of resistance which the desire to save our own lives could never call up.

I have made my preparations to proceed. I shall have to follow the old Gila Road, and shall move rapidly, and expect to be in California in March, and to find letters from home and supply of newspapers and documents, more welcome, perhaps, because these things have a home look about them. The future occupies me. Our home in California; your arrival in April; your good health in that delightful climate; the finishing up of my geographical and astronomical labours; my farming labours and enjoyments. I have written to Mayhew & Co agricultural warehouse, New York, requesting them to ship me immediately a threshing machine; and to Messrs. Hoe & Co, same city, requesting them to forward me at San Francisco, two runs or sets of mill stones. The mill irons and the agricultural instruments shipped for me last Autumn from New York will be at San Francisco by the time I arrive there. Your arrival in April will complete all the plans.

February 11.—Godey has got back. He did not succeed in recovering any of the baggage or camp furniture. Everything was lost except some few things which I had brought down to the river. The depth of the snow made it impossible for him to reach the camp at the mountain where the men had left the baggage. Amid the wreck I had the good fortune to save my large *alforgas* or travelling trunk; the double one which you packed; and that was about all.

SANTA FE, Feb. 17.

In the midst of hurried movements, and in the difficult endeavour to get a *party* all started together, I can only write a line to say that I am well, and moving on to California. I will leave Santa Fe this evening.

I have received here from the officers every civility and attention in their power, and have been assisted in my outfit as far as it was possible for them to do. I dine this evening with the Governor, (Col. Washington,) before I follow my party. A Spanish gentleman has been engaged to go to Albuquerque and purchase mules for me. From that place we go on my own animals, and except no detention, as we follow the old Gila route, so long known, and presenting nothing new to stop for.

Foreign News.

FOURTEEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE—Arrival of the Europa.

The *Europa* arrived at this port on Friday evening last. We copy the report which was received by Telegraph for the allied daily press of this city, which contains all the important intelligence received by her.

ENGLAND.—PARLIAMENTARY DOINGS.—Parliament adjourned for the Easter recess and met again on the 6th instant. The two main objects which have divided its attention have been the Navigation bill and the Rate-in-aid bill for Ireland, which latter has branched out into a general debate on the policy to be pursued toward that country. It will be seen that some important modifications have been made in the Navigation bill. The revenue returns for the financial years and quarter ending on the 5th instant show a continuous though not a very great improvement in the customs revenue. There was an increase of £1,169,554 as compared with the previous year. In the EXCISE Department there is an increase of $569,632. In all the branches of the ordinary revenue there is a decrease, the most considerable item being one of £719,581 upon stamps. The excess of increase over decrease of the total revenue of the year is £867,289.

—THE NAVIGATION BILL.—The Navigation Bill before Parliament has undergone a very material change. The principle of retaliating upon those nations which should not concede those advantages to England which she freely accorded to them has been disapproved of by Mr. Gladstone, who thought this reserved right would involve the Government in perpetual disputes with foreign nations. He has accordingly brought forward a new scheme by which he proposes to divide the law into two branches, the one to apply the foreign trade, and the other to embrace the colonial and coasting trade and to make the bargain with foreign countries conditional upon their granting equivalent advantages to Great Britain.

Mr. Labouchere, under the plea that the difficulties respecting carrying duty-paid Tobacco, &c. coastwise, for instance, would be found insuperable in practice, has withdrawn the whole of the clauses having reference to the coasting trade, and the bill stands in much the same position as it did last year, as respects its actual provisions, but with a reduced majority in its favour, in the House of Commons the bill went through the Committee previous to the adjournment, and the third reading was fixed for an early day after the Easter recess.

—THE CANADA TROUBLES.—The trouble in Canada respecting the proposed indemnity for rebellion losses, has only been incidentally alluded to in Parliament, and all parties connected with the North American Provinces seemed disposed to wait the issue before they harrass the Colonial Minister with complaints upon a subject for which he is scarcely responsible. Out-of-doors attention is anxiously directed toward Canada, and the reported neutrality of the new Executive of the United States upon a false rumour of disturbances, gave great satisfaction.

FRANCE.—A TORY VIEW OF FRENCH AFFAIRS.—With some exceptional disturbances in the distant provinces France continues tranquil, and Louis Napoleon is proceeding in the surest path to maintain his power by instantly suppressing domestic disorder and by steadily avoiding interference by force of arms to the affairs of the contiguous nations, notwithstanding the excitement attempted to be created upon the question of Piedmont.

Louis Napoleon and his Ministry set their faces against an armed intervention for the purpose of preventing that which nobody contemplated the dismemberment of Sardinia, so that men of all parties in England consider that a great step has been made towards the pacification of the South of Europe. The exemplary moderation of Austria gives a farther guaranty that hostilities will not be resumed upon the questions of the Lombard provinces.

The proceedings of the National Assembly continue but of subordinate interest. The different parties are now engaged in their respective electioneering proceedings, and the mob actors of the Socialists seize the occasion to excite the people by the most revolutionary language, but we believe that a vast majority of the French people will support the cause of order, and that a very small number of Federalists will be elected to the new Chamber.

—PRAUDHON AND DUCHESNE.—Mr. Praudhon has been condemned by a Jury for libelling the President of the Republic, but has escaped from the country. M. Duchesne has shared the same fate as to conviction and is to suffer one year's imprisonment.

—CONVICTION OF THE PRISONERS OF BOURGES.—Barbes, Blanqui, Flocon, Sobrier, Raspail, and Quintin have been convicted at Bourges; and Barbes and Albert are sentenced to transportation for life, Blanqui and others to ten years' imprisonment each. Gen. Soutier, Degre, Browne, Thomas, Laclain, and Larges, have been acquitted and are set at liberty. Causidère Louis Blanc, Hencrere, Lavison, Napoleon Chancel, and Ziegneuret, not having appeared, have been condemned *par contumace*, and have been sentenced to transportation.

The great body of the French people is undoubtedly sound in principle, and the prudent course pursued by Louis Napoleon tends to improve the condition of the country in almost every branch.

M. Proudhon's journal has been again seized. This paper seems to set all Governments at defiance.

—MISCELLANEOUS CONTINENTAL NEWS.—Spain furnishes but little fresh news. The Provengal war continues.

Portugal is quiet.

The Sublime Porte has issued a manifesto declaring that he does not consider the state of Europe such as to require her to increase her forces.

ITALY.—TOTAL DEFEAT OF CHARLES ALBERT.—At the sailing of the Niagara it will be remembered that war was impending in the North of Italy, and it was anticipated that either the Austrians or the Piedmontese would immediately cross the Ticino. In a brief fortnight Charles Albert has fought and has been conquered, and is now an abdicated King and exile in Madrid or Lisbon. The Austrians passed the Ticino simultaneously with the Piedmontese, who speedily fell back.

Three successive battles ensued. In the two latter, on the plains of Vercelli, the Austrians were completely victorious. The last battle, on the 24th ult. the main army of the Austrians, some 50,000 strong, encountered Charles

Miscellany.

SPEECH

OF

T. BABINGTON MACAULAY.

On Wednesday, the 21st March last, Mr. T. B. Macaulay was installed as Lord Rector, in presence of the principal professors, students, and a brilliant throng of ladies. Mr. Macaulay, after thanking those who had elected him, said:

I am not using a mere phrase, of course, when I say that the feelings with which I bear a part in the ceremony of this day are such as I find it difficult to utter in words. I do not think it strange that when that great master of eloquence, Edmund Burke, stood where I now stand, he faltered and remained mute. Doubtless the multitude of thoughts which rushed into his mind was such as even he could not easily arrange or express. In truth, there are few spectacles more striking or affecting than that which a great historical place of education presents on a solemn public day.

There is something strangely interesting in the contrast between the venerable antiquity of the body and the fresh and ardent youth of the great majority of the members. Recollections and hopes crowd upon us together. The past and the future are at once brought close to us. Our thoughts wander back to the time when the foundations of this ancient building were laid, and forward to the time when those whom it is our office to guide and to teach, will be the guides and teachers of our posterity. On the present occasion, we may, with peculiar propriety, give such thoughts their course. For it has chanced that my magistracy has fallen in a great secular epoch. This is the four hundredth year of the existence of your university. (Cheers.) At such jubilees as these—jubilees of which no individual sees more than one—it is natural, it is good, that a society like this—a society which survives all the transitory parts of which it is composed—a society which has a corporate existence and a perpetual succession, should review its annals, should retrace the stages of its growth, from infancy to maturity, and should try to find in the experience of generations which have passed away, lessons which may be profitable to generations yet unborn. The retrospect is full of interest and instruction.

Perhaps it may be doubted whether, since the Christian era, there has been any point of time more important to the highest interests of mankind than that at which the existence of your university commenced. It was the moment of a great destruction, and of a great creation. Your society was instituted just before the empire of the East perished—that strange empire, which, dragging on a languid life through the great age of darkness, connected together the two great ages of light—that empire which, adding nothing to our stores of knowledge, and producing not one man great in letters, in science, or in art, yet preserved, in the midst of barbarism, those master pieces of Attic genius which the highest minds still contemplate, and long will contemplate, with admiring despair; and, at that very time, while the fanatical Moslem were plundering the churches and palaces of Constantinople, breaking in pieces Grecian sculpture, and giving to the flames piles of Grecian eloquence, a few humble German artizans, who little knew that they were calling into existence a power far mightier than that of the victorious Sultan, were busied in cutting and setting the first types. The University came into existence just in time to see the last trace of the Roman empire disappear, and to see the earliest printed book.

At this conjuncture—a conjuncture of unrivalled interest in the history of letters—a man never to be mentioned without reverence by every lover of letters, held the highest place in Europe. Our just attachment to that Protestant faith to which our country owes so much, must not prevent us from paying the tribute which, on this occasion and in this place, justice and gratitude demand, to the founder of the University of Glasgow, the greatest of the revivers of learning, Pope Nicholas the Fifth. He had sprung from the common people; but his abilities and his erudition had early attracted the notice of the great. He had studied much and travelled far. He had visited Great Britain, which, in wealth and refinement, was to his native Tuscany what the back settlements to America now are to Britain. He had lived with the merchant princes of Florence, those men who first ennobled trade by making trade the ally of philosophy, of eloquence, and of taste. It was he who, under the protection of the munificent and discerning Cosmo, arrayed the first public library that modern Europe possessed. From privacy your founder rose to a throne; but on the throne he never forgot the studies which had been his delight in privacy. He was the centre of an illustrious group composed partly of the last great scholars of Greece, and partly of the first great scholars of Italy, Theodore Gaza and George of Trebizond, Bassarin and Tilelfo, Marsilia Ficino and Poggio Bracciolins. By him was founded the Vatican library, then and long after the most precious and the most extensive collection of books in the world. By him were carefully preserved the most valuable intellectual treasures which had been snatched from the wreck of the Byzantine empire. His agents were to be found everywhere—in the bazaars of the farthest East, in the monasteries of the farthest West—purchasing or copying worm-eaten parchments, on which were traced words worthy of immortality. Under his patronage were prepared accurate Latin versions of many precious remains of Greek poets and philosophers. But no department of literature owes so much to him as history. By him were introduced to the knowledge of Western Europe, two great and unrivalled models of historical composition, the work of Herodotus and the work of Thucydides. By him, too, our ancestors were first made acquainted with the graceful and lucid simplicity of Xenophon and with the manly good sense of Polybius.

It was while he was occupied with cares like these that his attention was called to the intellectual wants of this region—a region now swarming with population, rich with culture, and resounding with the clang of machinery—a region which now sends forth fleets laden with its admirable fabrics to lands of which, in his days, no geographer had ever heard—then a wild, a poor, a half-barbarous tract, lying in the utmost verge of the known world. He gave his sanction to the plan of establishing a university at Glasgow, and bestowed on the new seat of learning all the privileges which belonged to the University of Bologna. I can conceive that a pitying smile passed over his face as he named Bologna and Glasgow together. At Bologna he had long studied. No spot in the world has been more favoured by nature or by art. The surrounding country was a fruitful and sunny country, a country of cornfields and vineyards. In the city the house of Bontivoglis bore rule—a house which vied with the Medici in taste and magnificence—which has left to posterity noble palaces and temples, and which gave a splendid patronage to arts and sciences.

Glasgow he knew to be a poor, a small, a rude town, and, as he would have thought, not likely ever to be otherwise; for the soil, compared with the rich country at the foot of the Appennines, was barren, and the climate was such that an Italian shuddered at the thought of it. But it is not on the fertility of the soil—it is not on the mildness of the atmosphere that the prosperity of nations chiefly depends. (Cheers.) Slavery and superstition can make Camponia a land of beggars, and can change the plain of Enna into a desert. Nor is it beyond the power of human intelligence and energy, developed by civil and spiritual freedom, to turn sterile rocks and pestilential marshes into cities and gardens.—Enlightened as your founder was, he little knew that he was himself a chief agent in a great revolution—physical and moral, political and religious—in a revolution destined to make the last first and the first last—in a revolution destined to invert the relative positions of Glasgow and Bologna. We cannot, I think, better employ a few minutes than in reviewing the stages of this great change in human affairs. The review shall be short. Indeed, I cannot do better than pass rapidly from century to century.—Look at the world, then, a hundred years after the seal of Nicholas had been affixed to the instrument which called your college into existence. We find Europe—we find Scotland especially, in the agonies of that great revolution which we emphatically call the Reformation.

The liberal patronage which Nicholas, and men like Nicholas, had given to learning, and of which the establishment of this seat of learning is not the least remarkable instance, had produced an effect which they had never contemplated. Ignorance was the talisman on which their power depended, and that talisman they had themselves broken. They had called in knowledge as a handmaid to decorate superstition, and their error produced its natural effect. I need not tell you what a part the votaries of classical learning, and especially of Greek learning, the Humanists, as they were then called, bore in the great movement against spiritual tyranny. In a Scotch University, I need hardly mention the names of Knox, of Buchanan, of Melville, of Maitland, of Lethington. (Applause.) They formed, in fact, the vanguard of that movement. Every one of the chief reformers—I do not at this moment remember a single exception—was a Humanist. Every eminent Humanist in the north of Europe was, according to the measure of his uprightness and courage, a reformer. In truth, minds daily nourished with the best literature of Greece and Rome necessarily grew too strong to be trammelled by the cobwebs of the scholastic divinity; and the influence of such minds was now rapidly felt by the whole community; for the invention of printing had brought books within the reach even of yeoman and of artizans.

From the Mediterranean to the Frozen Sea, therefore, the public mind was everywhere in a ferment, and nowhere was the ferment greater than in Scotland. It was in the midst of martyrdoms and proscriptions, in the midst of a war between power and truth, that the first century of the existence of your University closed. Pass another hundred years, and we are in the midst of another revolution. The war between Popery and Protestantism had, in this island, been terminated by the victory of Protestantism. But from that war another war had sprung—the war between Prelacy and Puritanism. The hostile religious sects were allied, intermingled, confounded with hostile political parties. The monarchical element of the constitution was an object of almost exclusive devotion to the prelatist. The popular element of the constitution was especially dear to the puritan. At length an appeal was made to the sword. Puritanism triumphed; but Puritanism was already divided against itself. Independency and republicanism were on one side, presbyterianism and limited monarchy on the other. It was in the very darkest part of that dark time—it was in the midst of battles, sieges, and executions—it was when the whole world was still aghast at the awful spectacle of a British king standing before a judgment seat, and laying his neck on a block—it was when the mangled remains of the Duke of Hamilton had just been laid in the tomb of his house—it was when the head of the Marquis of Montrose had just been fixed on the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, that your University completed her second century!

A hundred years more, and we have at length reached the beginning of a happier period. Our civil and religious liberties had, indeed, been bought with a fearful price. But they had been bought. The price had been paid. The last battle had been fought on British ground. The last black scaffold had been set up on Tower Hill. The evil days were over. A bright and tranquil century—a century of religious toleration, of domestic peace, of temperate freedom, of equal justice—was beginning. That century is now closing. When we compare it with any equally long period in the history of any other great society, we shall find abundant cause for thankfulness to the Giver at all good; nor is there any place in the whole kingdom better fitted to excite this feeling that the place where we are now assembled. For in the whole kingdom we shall find no district in which the progress of trade, of manufactures, of wealth, and of the arts of life, has been more rapid than in Clydesdale. Your university has partaken largely of the prosperity of this city and of the surrounding region.

The security, the tranquility, the liberty, which have been propitious to the industry of the merchant and of the manufacturer, have been also propitious to the industry of the scholar. To the last century belong most of the names of which you justly boast. The time would fail me if I attempted to do justice to the memory of all the illustrious men, who, during that period, taught or learned wisdom, within these ancient walls—geometricians, anatomists, jurists, philologists, metaphysicians, poets—Simpson and Hunter, Miller and Young, Reid and Stewart; Campbell—(cheers) whose coffin was lately borne to a grave in that renowned transept which contains the dust of Chaucer, of Spencer, and of Dryden; Black, whose discoveries form an era in the history of chemical science; Adam Smith, the greatest of all the masters of political science; James Watt, who perhaps did more than any single man has done since the New Atlantis of Bacon was written, to accomplish the glorious prophecy.

We now speak the language of humility when we say that the University of Glasgow need not fear a comparison with the University of Bologna. Another secular period is now about to commence.—There is no lack of alarmists, who will tell you that it is about to commence under evil auspices. But from me you must expect no such gloomy prognostications. I am too much used to them to be scared by them. Ever since I began to make observations on the state of my country I have been seeing nothing but growth, and I have been hearing of nothing but decay. The more I contemplate our noble institutions, the more convinced I am that they are sound at heart, that they have nothing of age but its dignity, and that their strength is still the strength of youth. The hurricane which has recently overthrown so much that was great and that seemed durable, has only proved their solidity. They still stand, august and immoveable, while dynasties and churches are lying in heaps of ruin all around us. I see no reason to doubt that, by the blessing of God on a wise and temperate policy, on a policy of which the principle is to preserve what is good by reforming in time what is evil, our civil institutions may be preserved unimpaired to a late posterity, and that under the shade of our civil institutions, our academical institutions may long continue to flourish.

I trust, therefore, that when a hundred years more have run out, this ancient college will still continue to deserve well of our country and of mankind. I trust that the installation of 1949 will be attended by a still greater assembly of students than I have the happiness now to see before me. That assemblage indeed may not meet in the place where we have met. These venerable halls may have disappeared. My successor may speak to your successors in a more stately edifice, in an edifice which, even among the magnificent buildings of the future Glasgow, will still be admired as a fine specimen of the architecture which flourished in the days of the good Queen Victoria. (Cheers.) But though the site and the walls may be new, the spirit of the institution will, I hope, be still the same. My successor, will, I hope, be able to boast that the fifth century of the University has been more glorious than the fourth. He will be able to vindicate that boast by citing a long list of eminent men, great masters of experimental science, of ancient learning, of our native eloquence, ornaments of the senate, the pulpit, and the bar.

He will, I hope, mention with high honour some of my young friends who now hear me; and he will, I also hope, be able to add that their talents and learning were not wasted on selfish or ignoble objects, but were employed to promote the physical and moral good of their species, to extend the empire of man over the material world, to defend the cause of civil and religious liberty against tyrants and bigots, and to defend the cause of virtue and order against the enemies of all divine and human laws. (Cheers.) I have now given utterance to a part, and a part only of the recollections and anticipations of which on this solemn occasion my mind is full. I again thank you for the honour which you have bestowed on me; and I assure you that while I live I shall never cease to take a deep interest in the welfare and fame of the body with which, by your kindness, I have this day become connected.

A writer, whom we believe to be a Boston ex-editor, is contributing to the *Boston Courier*, a series of papers, which he modestly entitles 'Croakings,' but to which nevertheless it is very pleasant to listen. We copy a portion of one of the latest, in which the writer discourses of his easily reading, and of one of the favourite authors of his youth:

There's a feeling within us, that loves to revert
To the pleasant old times that are gone.

ANON.

In my last number, I mentioned the Works of John Flavel as one of the books in our library. For the benefit of those who have never heard of the Rev. Mr. John Flavel, nor read his "Works," it may be pardonable to say that he was a Nonconformist Minister, who suffered some persecution in the reign of Charles the Second. Most of the articles in his huge folio were written while he was living at Dartmouth in the county of Devon. One considerable portion is entitled "The Fountain of Life opened," in forty-two sermons; another department is "A Treatise of the Soul of Man"—one page of which, "A Synopsis, or View of the Soul, in the State of Composition, in six Particulars in this first table of Life," puzzled me a little, and perhaps may have done as much for some persons of more extensive and mature understanding. I recollect nothing of these portions except the titles; but there are some other things in the "Works" that were better adapted to the simple comprehension of a boy of my age. One of these was "Husbandry Spiritualized, or the Heavenly use of Earthly Things." To this was prefixed an engraved page, filled with figures representing almost every implement of husbandry and every domestic animal. Across the top of the page was a pair of wings, and from the point where the wings united was suspended, by a chain, a stone in the shape of a heart. On each feather in the wings was one or two of the following lines, viz:

A gracious heart
Here learns the art
Of soaring up on high,
Upon the wings
Of earthly things,
That under feet do lie.

No bird, that flies
Beneath the skies
But by this holy craft
Will lend a feather
To help it thither,
And give the heart an aft.

The string and stone
Show every one,
When Faith mounts up and sings,
How carnal sense
Can draw it thence,
Pinion and clips its wings.

Birds, beasts, and trees
Teach mysteries;
If sinners be not blocks,
They'll quickly mend,
When God doth send
Teachers in droves and flocks.

Each chapter of this treatise had a motto in rhyme; then followed what was called pleasant observations pertinent applications, and serious reflections, and each chapter commenced with a Poem. Some of these poems, I think, must have taxed the good man's ingenuity in the composition. The following is more curious than poetical:—

Religion,	*When* advanced in power,
Will make you	*Husband* every hour;
'Twill make	*Men* strive with all their might,
And therein	*Find* a sweet delight,
If there were	*Nought* besides that pay
Christ gives	*To* cheer us in our way:
Should we not	*Do* the best we can?
For there's	*No* such reward from Man.
Shall others	*Work*, and not regard
Their strength	*To* get a small reward,
Whilst we	*Turn* slugs, and loiter thus?
O that	*Their* zeal might quicken us!
Why are our	*Hands* and feet so slow,
When we	*Unto* our business go?
How can we	*Then* Christ's pay expect,
And yet the	*Christian's* work reject?
If this, then	*Also* that embrace
Them both;	*If* not, we both disgrace.
Some, if	*They* could these two divide,
'Twould	*Please* them well with Christ to side;
But, if they	*May* not, then it were
As good	*Cease* pleading, they'd not hear.
Rouse up,	*From* sloth, my soul, betake
Thee to thy	*Work*, no cavils make;
O strive,	*And* try! Saints say, that even
The pain they	*Take* hath much of heaven;
But yet	*Their* best wine's kept till last,
Their rest and	*Ease* come all so fast.

Another part of the "Works," and that which was the most attractive, was "Navigation Spiritualized, or a New Compass for Seamen," consisting, like the last mentioned, of "pleasant Observations, profitable Applications, and serious Reflections," and each chapter concluded with a *spiritual poem*. Fronting the first page, was a large folded sheet, on which was engraved a Mariner's Compass, decorated with emblematic cuts. On each point of the compass was a rhymed motto, of two lines, which served also as a motto for its appropriate chapter following. There was an Epistle Dedicatory, to all seamen sailing heavenward. To one of the chapters, I remember the motto was,—

Whilst thou by art the silly fish dost kill,
Perchance the Devil's hook sticks in thy gill;

And, I believe, the followiug is the *spiritnal poem*, with which the same chapter concluded:—

There's skill in fishing, that the Devil knows;
For, when for souls Satan a fishing goes
He angles, cunningly, he knows he must
Exactly fit the bait unto the lust.
He studies constitution, place and time;
He guesses what is his delight, what thine;
And so, accordingly, prepares the bait,
Whilst he himself lies closely hid, to wait
When thou wilt nibble at it. Dost incline
To drunken meetings? then he baits with wine:
Is this the way? If unto this he'll smell,
He'll shortly pledge a cup of wrath in hell.
To pride or lust is thy vile nature bent?
An object suitable he will present.
O think on this, when you cast in the hook;
Say, thus for my poor Soul doth Satan look.
O play not with temptations; do not swallow
The sugared bait; consider what will follow;
If once he hitch thee, then away he draws
Thy captive soul, close prisoner in his paws.

It may well be supposed that a child who could read with pleasure, and treasure up in his memory, such scraps and fragments, must be *fond of reading*: and if any should think the fact of rare or doubtful occurrence, let it be remembered that, at that time, there were but few books to be had, and those were, in great part, of a religious character. Perhaps it was rare, too, that a farmer's boy should have time, if he had the wish, to read such books as that I have been describing. But I found time enough to read all the books I could get; and, although it may be accounted a very silly ambition, yet, I confess that I took some pride in telling how much I had read. It was no mean gratification to say, on a Sunday evening, that I had read, that day, the whole book of Genesis, or the book of Jeremiah, or some other portion of the Bible as of great extent—a boast that I would often make, without violating the sacredness of truth. There was a strange sort of fascination about the books of old John Flavel; for, with all his metaphysics and quaintness, there was a facility and aptness of illustration, by metaphors derived from sensible objects, that is rather entertaining. One thing, however, annoyed me beyond endurance, or, at least, beyond the elasticity of my patience: and that was, the frequent recurrence of quotations in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages. These quotations were not merely annoyances—they were grievous afflictions. I have cried with agony when stopped in an interesting passage by a sentence or phrase in Latin, and had no learned friend to appeal to for explanation or instruction. I was once foolish enough, when about twelve years old, to commit to memory the Latin translation of Cato's Soliloquy on the Immortality of the Soul, from the 628th number of the Spectator, and to repeat it, often, in the presence of those who were as ignorant of the language as I was. Perhaps this affectation was as pardonable in a boy of twelve as it is in editors,—who write and print for millions that read no language but their vernacular,—to embellish their writings with *en passant*, *prestige*, *effete en route*, and a thousand other foreign phrases, for which our own plain English furnishes words of as easy understanding and far better sound. Why should a painter's or sculptor's shop be called a *studio* or an *atelier*—or a female vocalist, a *cantatrice* or *prima donna*? Since the Italian opera has become fashionable among the Upper-ten-thousanders, some of the newspapers contains paragraphs that are as hard to be understood by *us*, unlearned and unfashionable readers of Under-ten-dom, as it they were printed in Chinese characters. We meet with *dilettanti* of all names and characters, so often, that we pass them over without pronouncing them, as the boy did the names of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, which "three devils, (he said) appeared so often often that he wished they were burnt in the furnace of Nebuchadnezzar, *or some other*."

As Mr. Lowell's editorial connection with the *Standard* is limited to his weekly article, the transfer of the following paper to our columns from those of *The People* cannot be deemed immodest. It is written, we understand, by Mr. Devin Reilly, one of the Irish refugees, and an editor of *The People*, who, having been in this country but a few months, has fallen into the very natural error of supposing that Mr. Lowell's fame commenced with the publication of the "Biglow Papers." The respectable people of Mass. who take in the Boston *Daily Advertiser* and the *Boston Atlas*, would tell him that Mr. Lowell's fame, by that step, has become infamy.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Do the readers of "THE PEOPLE" know the young poet, so emphatically the friend of the people, James Russell Lowell? They have all, doubtless, heard of him, and now and then read in the corner of a newspaper a little poem that somehow left a record on the mind, and, perchance, sent the blood to the cheek in the reading, for the young poet writes from his heart, and thus stirs up the hearts of his readers; but comparatively few know the power, the depth, and breadth of a mind, which, though not yet matured by thirty years has made an impression where it is known, and is becoming more widely known every day.

But ere we descant on his productions we may introduce into our pages one Hosea Biglow who stands sponsor by far the "largest half" of Mr. Lowell's reputation. Hosea was one of the many "individuals" concerned in our late contest with Mexico, and Hosea was "cute." He was a far-seeing politician was Hosea, and the wise men read him, and gave a queer laugh at one side of their mouths, and looked over the tops of their spectacles to see who the audacious Hosea might be. He was ambiguous for a time, when lo! they found him in their midst, but not until he had sown confusion in their ranks, and

"John P.
Robinson he,"
Would be very glad to use up *Hosea*.

Of all the harpoons which were launched at the Mexican war Hosea's was thrown with a truer aim, and did more deadly execution, and the monster once ashore he then cut with the sharpest knife, he was more delicately severe that one was not prepared to find his rough down-East "couteau de bois" with so fine an edge.

This was what Mr. Lowell needed; some interpreter between him and the people, or, more properly, some Master of Ceremonies who should fitly present him to this inaccessible, hard-faced, many-sided sovereign, who has, however, beneath his uncompromising exterior, something which will understand and value his new acquaintance.

Such was Hosea; with a bow and pull of the forelock he brought before the people the writer of some very elegant verses and some very pithy prose. Make the sovereign laugh and he is yours, and before his ha-ha at Hosea's shamblings had died away, he inquired "What has your protege done before, for, Hosea, you are the production of no immature brain," whereupon Hosea handed forth two volumes of poems and a beautiful little illuminated volume, decorated by no unworthy hands, but by those *only* which should sanctify it, and entitled "Lowell's Conversations." To us this volume contains more poetry than either of the others. "Conversations on the old Poets," by one who most fitly read and understood them, abounds in choice ornaments fused in the crucible of his own glowing intellect. The easy conversational style of this book, gives him opportunity to throw in here and there criticisms on the times we live in. The "Pure Saxon" in which it is written, the utter rejection of all words that do not *clinch*, make it for that reason, if no other, well worth reading; but above all, the thoughts of exceeding beauty, the reasonings of a mind so healthful and strong, the occasional *dips* into the old Poets, (the golden chain on which his pearls are hung) all these things render it one of the most attractive books in this bookish age. It should be published by the Harpers among the "Books which are books," with the illuminated cover carefully covered with a brown defence; we have an affection for the cover for a reason that the world wotteth not of."

His poetry we shall not attempt to criticise; let it find its own way. It is *his own*, and it has enough that is valuable in it to commend it to the universal heart. We, perhaps, admire it too much to criticise it justly, or more correctly defining our position, have not the heart in sufficient subjection to the intellect to weigh nicely its merits and demerits; not that it needs any such mercy from us, it has been criticised and approved by those professional dissectors, who tear the "body of verse" apart to find what the fibres are made of. We would as soon tear off the limbs of our best friend. Whether Mr. Lowell ever writes the "Epic" for which America is represented as impatiently waiting, we cannot yet determine; but what he has written, shows him to be a man of thought, his verse is the mere music to which the thought is sung, and such poetry finds its own place.

The most recent work of Mr. Lowell is entitled a "Fable for Critics," a witty, spicy, spirited, punning summary of criticisms on the popular authors, and also used as a vehicle in which he sends abroad some of his opinions on what Rob the Grinder calls a "variety of subjects"—and to borrow a simile from the same invaluable work which gave us Rob, Mr. Lowell has Miss Nipper's horror of "stoopid" people. The grand feature of the "Fable" seems to be a disquisition on bores. Now, Mr. Lowell is a merciful man, loves his friends and chickens—writes for the down-trodden, and jumps into the river to save drowning boys; but when he pounces upon a poor soul who had the misfortune happen to him of being born without brains, he seems to have no grain of compassion in him. He bends that steel spring intellect of his until the rebound will nearly kill the victim; and what so merciless as the intellect? Mr. Lowell is in danger, notwithstanding his philanthropy of cutting and thrusting rather dangerously.

To say that Mr. Lowell belongs to the "ultra reformers," is but feebly expressing his sympathy and coöperation in all the great movments of progress and reform. Perhaps from his own energetic temperament, he has not sufficient respect for some quiet workers in the great field, for though he laughs at those people who have an

"Ocean of zeal, but a drop of capacity.

yet he lashes on the waters in zeal; as though yon star at this moment looking down and putting out one pale candle should be stigmatized as a stay-at-home star—a very useless planet—in fact no star at all, because it does not rush off into realms of utter darkness and bestow its light there, instead of quietly beaming forth, and sending its radiance into many a dark corner, dark in the midst of light perhaps, but still dark.

Personally Mr. Lowell is exceedingly handsome. If his soul was now sent full grown, a tenant at large into the world to pick out its own fleshly tabernacle, we doubt it could find one more appropiate than the present one. His colouring is as fine as a portrait of Vandyke. Chestnut hair, dark blue eyes, a fine manly, ruddy complexion and beard of deep auburn. We remember meeting him once as he was defying a snow-storm in his dreadnought coat, he seemed the impersonation of health, youth, and strength. It was a most refreshing sight, a man ostensibly one of the book and pen, looking a very farmer in exuberance of physical health. It promiseda long life of usefulness.

We have given but feebly the outlines of a character destined to be better known than we can make it, and, doubtless, many friends of Mr. Lowell will think it one of the penalties of genius to receive such "faint praise;" but if we can cause one person better to know and love a genius so rich, ripe and uncommon, so pure and lofty in its aspirations, commanding admiration much, but love more, the object with which this has been written will have been accomplished.

THE MODEL GENTLEMAN.—He never broke a bank. He has never been known to dress up as a jockey, or try practical jokes on watermen, or empty flour bags on chimney-sweeps. He shuns cross-barred trowsers, horticultural scarfs, and can wear a waistcoat without a cable's length of gold chain around it. His linen is not illustrated, but scrupulously clean. He never does little discounting, nor lends his hand to a flying kite. His aversion for a gent is softened to pity. He can look at a lady without the aid of an eye glass. He allows the performers at the theatre so talk louder than himself, and does not spring on the stage if there is a row in the opera. He abhors a lie as he does the sheriff's officer. He is not prodigal of oaths, and is equally sparing of perfume. He does not borrow his English from the stable, and never puts his lips through a dreary, fashionable course of lisping.

He is not too proud to walk or to carry an umbrella, when it rains, and never waltzes with spurs after supper, even in uniform. He never bets beyond his means, and is not fond of playing high at cards.—He never ruined a young man—to say nothing more. He bows scrupulously, even to an inferior. He never shrinks from an I O U, nor is he afraid of a bill, nor seized with a sudden shortness of memory at the sight of an old friend whose coat is not so young as it used to be. He has never proved his cowardice by fighting a duel, giving satisfaction in a more gentlemanly way. He pays for his clothes, disdaining to wear his tailor's in consideration for valuable introductions.

His horses, too, are his own, and not purchased from his friends by a series of profitable exchanges. He is not madly attached to billiard-rooms, nor is he seen at Cozzens. He locks up his conquests in his own heart, and his love-letters in his desk, rarely exposing either to his most intimate friends.

He does not bully his servants, nor joke with them, nor cut a man because his father was in trade. He is not obsequious to a lord, nor does he hold on to the skirts of aristocracy, knowing that a man's nobility does not depend entirely upon his title, however old and unstained if may be.

He travels to enjoy himself, and does not attempt to crush poor foreigners with English gold or pride. He values a thing, not by its price, but by its real value, and does not blush to drink beer if he is thirsty. He does not think it essential to his reputation to keep late hours, to pull down sign-boards, bait policemen, and besiege toll-keepers during the night. He has no such violent love for door-knockers as to induce him to collect them. He is not factious with waiters, nor given to knock down a cabman by way of settling a fare.

He is not afraid of laughing if he is amused, even in public, or handing down an old lady with a turban to dinner, or dancing with his wife. He was never the hero of any wager—riding, running, racing, rowing, eating or swimming, and does not know a single prize-fighter. He is fond of amusements, but does not install himself at the Opera every night because it is fashionable. He follows the races; but goes down without a dog-cart and keybugle. He is unobtrusive in his dress, and very retired in his jewelry, and has an antipathy for a white hat with a black band, and all violent contradictions, either in dress or conversation. He is generous, but does not give grand dinners and expensive suppers to persons he does not know or care about.—He lends money; and, if he borrows any, he makes a strange practice of returning it.

He rarely "speaks his mind," and is very timid of rushing into a quarrel—of husband and wife especially. He is a favourite with the ladies, but does not put too much starch in his politeness, or too much sugar in his compliments. In matters of scandal dumb, if not exactly deaf; and as to rumors, he only believes half (the kinder half, too) of what he hears. He is not prejudiced himself, but has a kind of toleration for the prejudices of others. His golden rule is never to hurt the feelings of anybody, or to injure a living creature by word or deed. All his actions, all his sentiments, are shaped out to that noble end; and he dies as he lives, "sans peur et sans et sans reproche." This is the MODEL GENTLEMAN.—*London Punch.*

CIRCASSIAN HATRED OF RUSSIA.—A few years ago, a slave ship sprang aleak out at sea, just as a Russian steamer passed in the distance. The Turkish slave-dealer, who preferred even the chill blasts of Siberia to a grave in deep water, made signals of distress, and the steamer came up in time to rescue the ship and its living cargo from destruction. But so deeply is hatred of Russia implanted in every Circassian heart, that the spirit of the girls revolted at the thought of becoming the helpmates of grey-coated soldiers, instead of sharing the sumptuous couch of a Turkish pasha. They had bid adieu to their native mountains with little emotion, but as the Russian ship approached, they set up terrible and despairing screams. Some sprang headlong into the sea; others drove their knives into their hearts;—to these heroines death was preferable to the bridal bed of a detested Muscovite. The survivors were taken to Anapa, and married to Cossacks, or given to officers as servants. Nearly every Austrian or Turkish steamboat that makes, in the winter months, the voyage from Trebizond to Constantinople, has a number of Circassian girls on board. Dr. Wagner made the passage in an Austrian steamer, with several dozens of these willing slaves, chiefly mere children, twelve or thirteen years old, with interesting countenances and dark wild eyes, but very pale and thin—with the exception of two, who were some years older, far better dressed, and carefully veiled. To this favoured pair the slave-dealer paid particular attention, and frequently brought them coffee. Dr. Wagner got into conversation with this man, who was richly dressed in furs and silks, and who, despite his vile profession, had the manners of a gentleman. The two coffee drinkers were daughters of noblemen, he said, with fine rosy cheeks, and in better condition than the others, consequently worth more money at Constantinople. For the handsomest he hoped to obtain 30,000 piastres, and for the other 20,000—about £250 and £170. The herd of young creatures he spoke of with contempt, and should think himself lucky to get 2,000 piastres for them all round. He further informed the doctor that, although the Slave Trade was more dangerous and difficult since the Russian occupation of the Circassian coast, it was also far more profitable. Formerly, when Greek and Armenian women were brought in crowds to the Constantinople market, the most beautiful Circassians were nor worth more than 10,000 piasters; but now a rosy, well-fed, fifteen-year-old slave is hardly to be had under 40,000 piasters.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

From the Dublin Morning Post, of March 20, 1827.

"THE following anecdote affords a curious picture of the manners of the times in which it occurred. In the year 1830 a sow devoured the child of an artificer of *Falaise*, in Normandy, called Janet. The circumstances having come to the knowledge of the Judge, he condemned the animal to suffer publicly the *lex talionis*. The child had its face and arm torn; the sow was mutilated in the same manner, and then hung by the common hangman. The execution took place in the public square, in the presence of the people. The Judge presided on horse-back, in the full dress of his office. The father of the victim was compelled to be present as a punishment for not having more carefully guarded his child. When the animal was brought out, it was habited in a man's dress, with a cloak, breeches and gloves; and a mask on its face representing a human countenance. The remembrance of this absurd farce, was preserved by a fresco painting; which, within the last six years, was still visible in the Church of the Holy Trinity in Falaise."

This is in strict obedience to the divine law of death penalty for homicide, as promulgated to Noah. If any part of that law is now of moral force, it is to be obeyed and enforced by all people and governments who acknowledge the supremacy of the law of God.

"And surely your blood of your lives will I require: AT THE HAND OD EVERY BEAST will I require it, and at the hand of man; at the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man.

"Whoso," [a word which in the original is not limited to human beings, but signifies both "whosoever" and "whatsoever,"] "sheddeth man's blood—by man shall his [or its] blood be shed: for, in the image of God made he man."—*Genesis*, IX. 5, 6.

No part of this law was ever repealed or modified by the revelations subsequent to the Noachic covenant. The Mosaic law reiterates and enforces it, though making provision for an imperfect protection of some of the least culpable of those obnoxious to it.

Who claims the right to suspend, nullify or repeal a part of this divine law, while clamouring for the merciless execution of another part of it?

That law has no reference to the purposes, moral responsibilities or capacity of the creature that sheds the blood of man. It assigns the same punishment to all homicide, whether denominated "murder," (of the *first* or *second* degree,) "man-slaughter," "accidental homicide," or any other mode of destruction of human life.—*Day Book.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

Miss Martineau has just published a new work called "The History of England during Thirty Years' Peace."

It is stated that the amount of gold recently received by various mercantile houses in London from California is, in the aggregate, rather more than £40,000.

Sir F. BARING stated in Parliament that Government had offered a reward of £20,000 to the crew of any vessel who might give efficient assistance to Sir John Franklin. That reward had already been put in print, and would be communicated without delay to the various consuls abroad, and collectors of customs, for publication.

THE STATUE TO OLIVER CROMWELL.—We are informed that the land on which "Slepe Hall," Cromwell's old residence, stood, has been purchased for the site of a statue to the Protector, by an earnest friend of civil and religious liberty at St. Ives. An influential committee has been formed; and, as soon as the plan of the monument is arranged, the committee will make an official appeal to the nation.—*Nonconformist.*

O'CONNELL'S MANSION.—Many who believe that the national gratitude of Ireland is something more than an ideal feeling, will learn with regret, mingled with astonishment, that the mansion of O'Connell, in Marrion Square, the sanctuary for his domestic privacy, the scene of his private labours of his country, will shortly be offered by the house agent to the highest bidder, and if an effort be not made to prevent the disgrace—become the property of some private purchaser. The library of the late liberator is to be submitted immediately to the hammer of the auctioneer, so that the apartment once devoted to the mental studies of the great architect of national freedom will be completely dismantled.—*Dublin World.*

Punch quotes a passage from the Annual Report of the Ordinary of Newgate, and comments upon it:

"No less than six prisoners, [says the Report,] have been under sentence of death for murder in the year, and three were executed. The mental sufferings of all these arose *not so much from the dread of death* as from their own recollection of the act of murder, all of them describing their *acts as being vividly and perpetually present to their imaginations.*"

Surely, conscience—that terrible NEMESIS—is herein the best avenger. The murderer is continually torturned by the mental repetition of his atrocity. He writhes in the hell of his remorse. Might he not—his personal slavery being secured to society—might he not be wisely left to the hourly horror of his existence? Nevertheless, we hire the hangman to preach to the world the sacredness of human life, by putting to death a human creature!

"Radetzky, who has just commenced and concluded the campaign in Northern Italy," remarks the *Liverpool Albion*, "is 82. 'Then say an old man can do somewhat.'"

FATHER MATHEW AND HIS DISTILLERY.—Father Mathew has been sojourning for some days in Dublin, making preparations for his trip to America. He intends to sail from Liverpool by the ship, *New World*, at the end of April. He succeeded, a short time since, to the Castle Lake distillery, a very valuable property, but sooner than have it employed in making whiskey, he broke up the concern at a considerable loss to himself, letting part of it as a corn mill. His health is quite restored.

ROME, MARCH 17.—I have to report the death here of the celebrated Cardinal Mezzofanti, who departed this life yesterday, aged nearly eighty [he was born Sept. 19, 1774.] A native of Bologna, he was schooled in the university of that town, which, even at that period, still could claim its time-honoured predicate of "Bononia docet," a boast long since brought low, principally by the Gregorian line of policy. A zealous anxiety to confer spiritual assistance on the various foreign soldier who, in the stirring times of Bonaparte, filled the hospitals of the city, first led the Rev. Joseph Mezzofanti, then chaplain to these institutions, to the study of modern languages. He soon discovered that, by some peculiar mental adaptation, the acquirement of any given dialect was to him the most quick and facile undertaking imaginable; and, about the time Lord Byron made his acquaintance, he could fluently converse in every European idiom. Since then he became master of all the Oriental forms of speech, and as the science of languages becomes, in fact, facilitated rather than impeded by the accumulation of varied resources, there was scarcely a spoken jargon from the Himmelaya mountains to the Andes, of which Mezzofanti had not made the comparative anatomy. Personally he was most affable, and generally beloved in Rome.—*Correspondent of the London News.*

A New York correspondent of *Jerrold's News*, says:

"Alison's History" has been published here leaving out all the passages which in any way reflect credit on the British arms during the unfortunate American struggle. Mr. Dickens, too, will not feel complimented when he finds that his "Haunted Man" has just appeared from the press, with here and there a sprinkling of "I guess," in order to adapt the gentleman to Americanisms. * * * * * *

Ticknor, the Boston publisher, has brought out an elegant edition of Tennyson's poems, of which, I understand, he has sent some copies to the gifted author in England, accompanied with a draft for 150 dollars.—Would that all publishers here would follow this example of regard for talent set by Ticknor."

PISTOLS AND NOSES.—The students at the German universities now look upon